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BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

*WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
AND NOTES*



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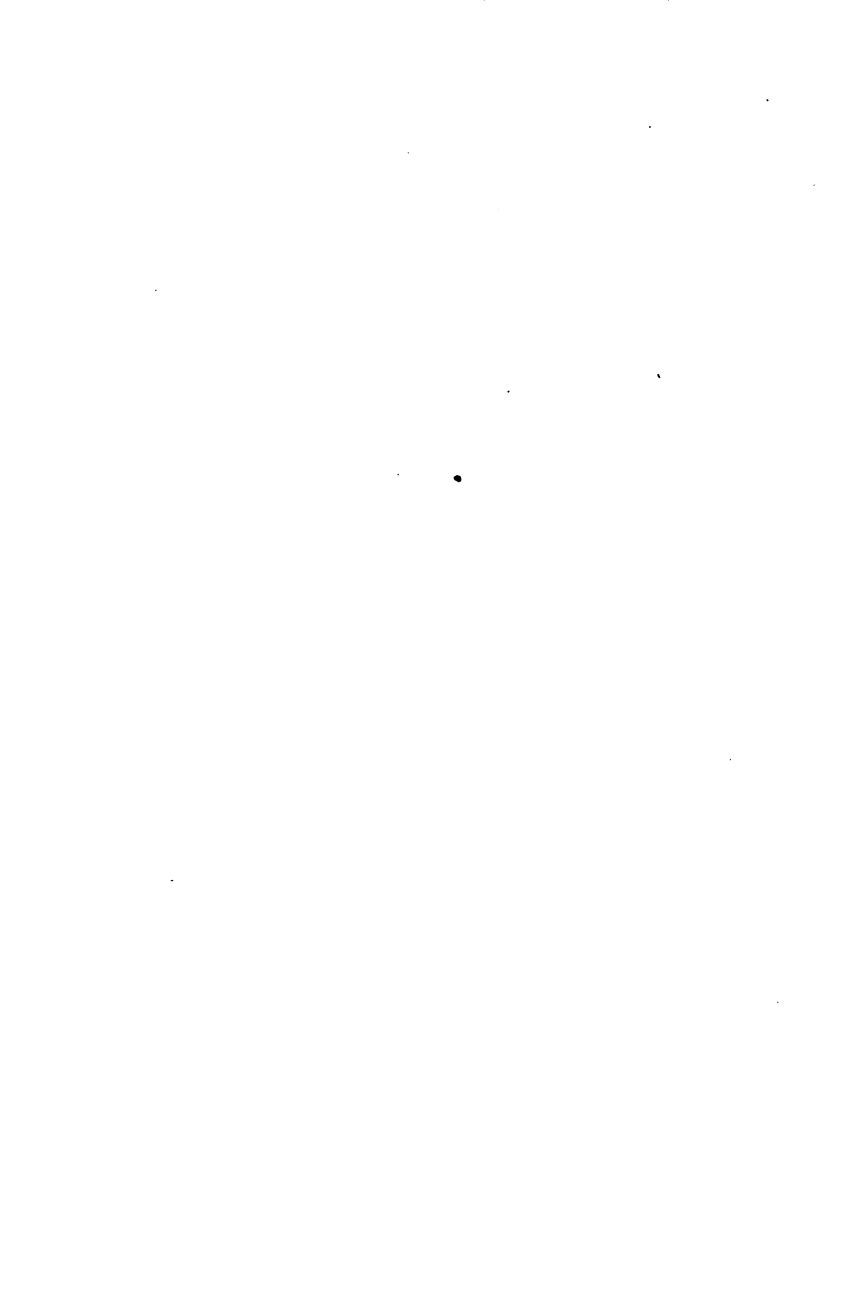
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The Riverside Literature Series

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AND OTHER POEMS**

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HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

A VISITOR to Cambridge, in Massachusetts, is very sure to make his first question, Where did Mr. Longfellow live? and any one whom he meets will be able to give the answer. The ample, dignified mansion, built in Colonial days, and famous as the headquarters of Washington during the first year of the War for Independence, is in the midst of broad fields, and looks across meadows to the winding Charles and the gentle hills beyond. Great elms, fragrant lilacs and syringas, stand by the path which leads to the door; and when the poet was living, the passer-by would often catch a glimpse of him as he paced up and down the shaded veranda which is screened by the shrubbery.

Here came, in the summer of 1837, a slight, studious-looking young man, who lifted the heavy brass knocker, which hung then as it does now upon the front door, and very likely thought of the great general as he let it fall with a clang. He had called to see the owner of the house, Mrs. Andrew Craigie, widow of the apothecary-general of the Continental Army in the Revolution. The visitor asked if there was a room in her house which he could occupy. The stately old lady, looking all the more dignified for the turban which was wound about her head, answered, as she looked at the youthful figure, —

“I no longer lodge students.”

“But I am not a student; I am a professor in the University.”

“A professor?” She looked curiously at one so like most students in appearance.

“I am Professor Longfellow,” he said.

"Ah! that is different. I will show you what there is." She led him up the broad staircase, and, proud of her house, opened one spacious room after another, only to close the door of each, saying, "You cannot have that," until at length she led him into the south-east corner-room of the second story. "This was General Washington's chamber," she said. "You may have this;" and here he gladly set up his home. The house was a large one, and already Edward Everett and Jared Sparks had lived here. Mr. Sparks was engaged, singularly enough, upon the Life and Writings of Washington in the very house which Washington had occupied. Afterwards, when Mr. Longfellow was keeping house here, Mr. Joseph E. Worcester, the maker of the dictionary, shared it with him, for there was room for each family to keep a separate establishment, and even a third could have found independent quarters. When Mrs. Craigie died Mr. Longfellow bought the house, and there was his home until he died.

When he came to Cambridge to be Professor of Modern Languages and Literature in Harvard College he was thirty years old. He was but eighteen when he graduated at Bowdoin College, in the class in which Nathaniel Hawthorne also belonged, and he had given such promise that he was almost immediately called to be professor at Bowdoin. He accepted the appointment on condition that he might have three years of travel and study in Europe. The immediate result of his life abroad was in some translations, chiefly from the Spanish, in some critical papers, and in *Outre Mer* [Over Seas], his first prose work. He continued at Bowdoin until 1835, when he was invited to Harvard. Again he went to Europe for further study and travel, and after his return spent seventeen years in his professorship.

Two years after he had begun to teach in Harvard College he published *Hyperion, a Romance*. Hyperion, in classic mythology, is the child of heaven and earth, and in this romance the story is told of a young man who had

earthly sorrows and fortunes, but heavenly desires and hopes. It contains many delightful legends and fancies which travel and student life in Europe had brought to the poet's knowledge, and which he had carried back to his countrymen in America. Once afterward, in 1849, he published a romance of New England, *Kavanagh*; but in the same year that saw *Hyperion* there appeared a thin volume of poems entitled *Voices of the Night*; and after that Mr. Longfellow continued to publish volumes of poetry, sometimes a book being devoted to a single poem, as *Evangeline*, or *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, or *Hiawutha*, more often containing a collection of shorter poems, and sometimes, as in the *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, a number of poems pleasantly woven into a story in verse.

The house in which Mr. Longfellow lived was full of suggestion of his work, and it remains much as he left it. "The study," as some one wrote of it during the poet's lifetime, "is a busy literary man's workshop: the table is piled with pamphlets and papers in orderly confusion; a high desk in one corner suggests a practice of standing while writing, and gives a hint of one secret of the poet's singularly erect form at an age when the body generally begins to stoop and the shoulders to grow round; an orange-tree stands in one window; near it a stuffed stork keeps watch; on the table is Coleridge's ink-stand; upon the walls are crayon likenesses of Emerson, Hawthorne, and Sumner." Here, too, is the chair made from the wood of the spreading chestnut-tree under which the village smithy stood, and given to the poet by the children of Cambridge; here is the pen presented by "beautiful Helen of Maine," the old Danish song-book and the antique pitcher; upon the staircase is the old clock, which

"Points and beckons with its hands;"

one looks out from the chamber windows across the meadows upon the gentle Charles, —

“ Friends I love have dwelt beside thee,
And have made thy margin dear ; ”

following the river one sees the trees and chimneys of Elmwood, and perhaps a flight of

“ herons winging their way
O'er the poet's house in the Elmwood thickets ; ”

while farther still one catches sight of the white tower of Mount Auburn and thinks of the graves there to which so many of the poet's friends were borne, and to which he himself was at last carried. It would be a pleasant task to read closely in Mr. Longfellow's poems and discover all the kind words which he has written of his friends. A man is known by the company he keeps. How fine must have been that nature which gathered into immortal verse the friendship of Agassiz, Hawthorne, Lowell, Sumner, Whittier, Tennyson, Irving ; and chose for companionship among the dead such names as Chaucer, Dante, Keats, Milton, Shakespeare. All these names, and more, will be found strung as beads upon the golden thread of Longfellow's verse.

After all, the old house where the poet lived was most closely connected with his poems, because it was a home. Here his children grew, and out of its chambers issued those undying poems which sing the deep life of the fireside. In *The Golden Mile-Stone* he sings : —

“ Each man's chimney is his Golden Mile-Stone ;
Is the central point, from which he measures
Every distance
Through the gateways of the world around him ; ”

and the secret of Mr. Longfellow's power is in the perfect art with which he brought all the treasures of the old world stories, and all the hopes of the new, to this central point ; his own fireside fed the flames of poetic genius, and kept them burning steadily and purely.

Mr. Longfellow was born in Portland, Maine, February

27, 1807. He had two sons and three daughters, and these three are celebrated in the first poem in the following collection. The poet always welcomed children to his house, and he was made very happy by their thought of him. His seventy-fifth birthday was celebrated by school-children all over the country. A few days after he was taken ill, and died March 24, 1882.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence :
Yet I know by their merry eyes,
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall !
By three doors left unguarded,
They enter my castle wall !

They climb up into my turret,
O'er the arms and back of my chair ;

If I try to escape, they surround me ;
 They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
 Their arms about me entwine,
 Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen¹
 In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,²
 Because you have scaled the wall,
 Such an old moustache³ as I am
 Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
 And will not let you depart,
 But put you down into the dungeon
 In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
 Yes, forever and a day,
 Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
 And moulder in dust away!

¹ Near Bingen on the Rhine is a little square Mouse-Tower, so called from an old word meaning toll, since it was used as a toll-house ; but there is an old tradition that a certain Bishop Hatto, who had been cruel to the people, was attacked in the tower by a great army of rats and mice. See Southey's famous poem, *Bishop Hatto*.

² An Italian word for bands of robbers.

³ A translation of the French phrase *vieille moustache*, which is used of a veteran soldier.

THE WINDMILL.

BEHOLD ! a giant am I !
Aloft here in my tower,
With my granite jaws I devour
The maize, and the wheat, and the rye,
And grind them into flour.

I look down over the farms ;
In the fields of grain I see
The harvest that is to be,
And I fling to the air my arms,
For I know it is all for me.

I hear the sound of flails
Far off, from the threshing-floors
In barns, with their open doors,
And the wind, the wind in my sails,
Louder and louder roars.

I stand here in my place,
With my foot on the rock below,
And whichever way it may blow
I meet it face to face,
As a brave man meets his foe.

And while we wrestle and strive,
My master, the miller, stands
And feeds me with his hands ;
For he knows who makes him thrive,
Who makes him lord of lands.

On Sundays I take my rest ;
Church-going bells begin

14 *HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.*

 Their low, melodious din ;
I cross my arms on my breast,
 And all is peace within.

MAIDEN AND WEATHERCOCK.

MAIDEN.

O WEATHERCOCK on the village spire,
With your golden feathers all on fire,
Tell me, what can you see from your perch
Above there over the tower of the church?

WEATHERCOCK.

I can see the roofs and the streets below,
And the people moving to and fro,
And beyond, without either roof or street,
The great salt sea, and the fisherman's fleet.

I can see a ship come sailing in
Beyond the headlands and harbor of Lynn,
And a young man standing on the deck,
With a silken kerchief round his neck.

Now he is pressing it to his lips,
And now he is kissing his finger-tips,
And now he is lifting and waving his hand,
And blowing the kisses toward the land.

MAIDEN.

Ah, that is the ship from over the sea,
That is bringing my lover back to me,
Bringing my lover so fond and true,
Who does not change with the wind like you.

WEATHERCOCK.

If I change with all the winds that blow,
It is only because they made me so,
And people would think it wondrous strange,
If I, a Weathercock, should not change.

O pretty Maiden, so fine and fair,
With your dreamy eyes and your golden hair,
When you and your lover meet to-day
You will thank me for looking some other way.

DECORATION DAY.

SLEEP, comrades, sleep and rest
On this Field of the Grounded Arms,
Where foes no more molest,
Nor sentry's shot alarms!

Ye have slept on the ground before,
And started to your feet
At the cannon's sudden roar,
Or the drum's redoubling beat.

But in this camp of Death
No sound your slumber breaks ;
Here is no fevered breath,
No wound that bleeds and aches.

All is repose and peace,
Untrampled lies the sod ;
The shouts of battle cease,
It is the Truce of God !¹

¹ Early in the eleventh century, when war had brought great misery, and bad harvests had added to the desolation, the church

Rest, comrades, rest and sleep!
 The thoughts of men shall be
 As sentinels to keep
 Your rest from danger free.

Your silent tents of green
 We deck with fragrant flowers;
 Yours has the suffering been,
 The memory shall be ours.

HYMN OF THE MORAVIAN NUNS OF BETH- LEHEM.

AT THE CONSECRATION OF PULASKI'S BANNER.¹

WHEN the dying flame of day
 Through the chancel shot its ray,
 Far the glimmering tapers shed
 Faint light on the cowl'd head;
 And the censer burning swung,
 Where, before the altar, hung
 The crimson banner, that with prayer
 Had been consecrated there.
 And the nuns' sweet hymn was heard the while,
 Sung low, in the dim, mysterious aisle.

proclaimed the Truce of God, by which it was forbidden to wage war on any private account between Wednesday night and Monday morning of each week during the whole of Advent, and from the Monday before Ash-Wednesday till Whit-Sunday, as also on all holidays and festivals.

¹ It is said that the Polish Count Pulaski, who served in our army in the Revolution, visited Lafayette when he lay sick at Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania, and ordered a silk banner of the Moravian sisterhood there, who helped to support their house by needlework.

“Take thy banner! May it wave
Proudly o’er the good and brave;
When the battle’s distant wail
Breaks the sabbath of our vale,
When the clarion’s music thrills
To the hearts of these lone hills,
When the spear in conflict shakes,
And the strong lance shivering breaks.

“Take thy banner! and, beneath
The battle-cloud’s encircling wreath,
Guard it, till our homes are free!
Guard it! God will prosper thee!
In the dark and trying hour,
In the breaking forth of power,
In the rush of steeds and men,
His right hand will shield thee then.

“Take thy banner! But when night
Closes round the ghastly fight,
If the vanquished warrior bow,
Spare him! By our holy vow,
By our prayers and many tears,
By the mercy that endears,
Spare him! he our love hath shared!
Spare him! as thou wouldst be spared!

“Take thy banner! and if e’er
Thou shouldst press the soldier’s bier,
And the muffled drum should beat
To the tread of mournful feet,
Then this crimson flag shall be
Martial cloak and shroud for thee.”

The warrior took that banner proud,
And it was his martial cloak and shroud !¹

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

IN Mather's *Magnalia Christi*,²
Of the old colonial time,
May be found in prose the legend
That is here set down in rhyme.

A ship sailed from New Haven,
And the keen and frosty airs,
That filled her sails at parting,
Were heavy with good men's prayers.

"O Lord ! if it be thy pleasure " —
Thus prayed the old divine —
"To bury our friends in the ocean,
Take them, for they are thine !"

¹ Pulaski was wounded at the siege of Savannah, and, dying on one of the vessels of the fleet on his way north, was buried at sea. As a matter of historic fact, the banner is preserved in the cabinet of the Maryland Historical Society, at Baltimore. Its size, twenty inches square, would have precluded its use as a shroud.

² The whole title of the book is *Magnalia Christi Americana* [Christ's mighty works in America] ; or, *The Ecclesiastical History of New England, from its first Planting, in the year 1620, unto the year of our Lord 1698*. It was first published in 1702. The story of the phantom ship is contained in it in the form of a letter from James Pierpont, a New Haven Minister. The letter occurs in Book I., chapter vi., and may also be found in *The Bodleys Afoot*, page 175.

But Master Lamberton muttered,
And under his breath said he,
"This ship is so crank and walty
I fear our grave she will be !"

And the ships that came from England,
When the winter months were gone,
Brought no tidings of this vessel
Nor of Master Lamberton.

This put the people to praying
That the Lord would let them hear
What in his greater wisdom
He had done with friends so dear.

And at last their prayers were answered : —
It was in the month of June,
An hour before the sunset
Of a windy afternoon,

When, steadily steering landward,
A ship was seen below,
And they knew it was Lamberton, Master,
Who sailed so long ago.

On she came, with a cloud of canvas,
Right against the wind that blew,
Until the eye could distinguish
The faces of the crew.

Then fell her straining topmasts,
Hanging tangled in the shrouds,
And her sails were loosened and lifted,
And blown away like clouds.

And the masts, with all their rigging,
 Fell slowly, one by one,
And the hulk dilated and vanished,
 As a sea-mist in the sun !

And the people who saw this marvel
 Each said unto his friend,
That this was the mould of their vessel,
 And thus her tragic end.

And the pastor of the village
 Gave thanks to God in prayer,
That, to quiet their troubled spirits,
 He had sent this Ship of Air.

PEGASUS IN POUND.

ONCE into a quiet village,
 Without haste and without heed,
In the golden prime of morning,
 Strayed the poet's winged steed.¹

It was Autumn, and incessant
 Piped the quails from shocks and sheaves,
And, like living coals, the apples
 Burned among the withering leaves.

¹ In classic mythology Pegasus was a winged horse belonging to Apollo and the Muses. Thus when a poet wrote he was said to mount Pegasus and ride ; the horse not only bore him swiftly, and by his canter gave rhythm to the verse, but by his wings bore the rider above the earth.

Loud the clamorous bell was ringing
From its belfry gaunt and grim ;
'T was the daily call to labor,
Not a triumph meant for him.

Not the less he saw the landscape,
In its gleaming vapor veiled ;
Not the less he breathed the odors
That the dying leaves exhaled.

Thus, upon the village common,
By the school-boys he was found ;
And the wise men, in their wisdom,
Put him straightway into pound.

Then the sombre village crier,
Ringing loud his brazen bell,
Wandered down the street proclaiming
There was an estray to sell.

And the curious country people,
Rich and poor, and young and old,
Came in haste to see this wondrous
Winged steed, with mane of gold.

Thus the day passed, and the evening
Fell, with vapors cold and dim ;
But it brought no food nor shelter,
Brought no straw nor stall, for him.

Patiently, and still expectant,
Looked he through the wooden bars,
Saw the moon rise o'er the landscape,
Saw the tranquil, patient stars ;

Till at length the bell at midnight
Sounded from its dark abode,
And, from out a neighboring farm-yard
Loud the cock Alectryon¹ crowed.

Then, with nostrils wide distended,
Breaking from his iron chain,
And unfolding far his pinions,
To those stars he soared again.

On the morrow, when the village
Woke to all its toil and care,
Lo! the strange steed had departed,
And they knew not when nor where.

But they found, upon the greensward
Where his struggling hoofs had trod,
Pure and bright, a fountain² flowing
From the hoof-marks in the sod.

From that hour, the fount unfailing
Gladdens the whole region round,
Strengthening all who drink its waters,
While it soothes them with its sound.

¹ Alectryon, in the old fables, was a youth who had been stationed by Mars to give notice when Apollo, the sun-god, was to appear. The boy fell asleep, and, for punishment, was turned by Mars into a cock, and ever since has remembered his duty and crows when the sun rises.

² The poet Ovid says that, with a blow of his hoof, Pegasus opened the fountain of Hippocrene (horse-spring) on Mount Helicon, and that the Muses used to drink from it. Our poet has turned the pretty story into a fable of wider meaning, by reminding us that poetry, not appreciated by all people, is yet a never-failing source of pleasure in the toiling world.

THE SERMON OF ST. FRANCIS.

UP soared the lark into the air,
A shaft of song, a wingèd prayer,
As if a soul, released from pain,
Were flying back to heaven again.

St. Francis¹ heard ; it was to him
An emblem of the Seraphim ;
The upward motion of the fire,
The light, the heat, the heart's desire.

Around Assisi's convent gate
The birds, God's poor who cannot wait,
From moor and mere and darksome wood
Came flocking for their dole of food.

"O brother birds," St. Francis said,
"Ye come to me and ask for bread,
But not with bread alone to-day
Shall ye be fed and sent away.

"Ye shall be fed, ye happy birds,
With manna of celestial words ;
Not mine, though mine they seem to be,
Not mine, though they be spoken through me.

"O, doubly are ye bound to praise
The great Creator in your lays ;

¹ St. Francis of Assisi lived in Italy at the end of the twelfth and beginning of the thirteenth century, and was founder of the order of the Franciscans. There are many stories of his intimacy with birds and beasts.

He giveth you your plumes of down,
Your crimson hoods, your cloaks of brown.

“He giveth you your wings to fly
And breathe a purer air on high,
And careth for you everywhere,
Who for yourselves so little care!”

With flutter of swift wings and songs
Together rose the feathered throngs,
And singing scattered far apart;
Deep peace was in St. Francis' heart.

He knew not if the brotherhood
His homily had understood;
He only knew that to one ear
The meaning of his words was clear.

WALTER VON DER VOGELWEID.

VOGELWEID the Minnesinger,¹
When he left this world of ours,
Laid his body in the cloister,
Under Würtzburg's minster towers.

And he gave the monks his treasures,
Gave them all with this behest:
They should feed the birds at noontide
Daily on his place of rest;

¹ The Minnesingers were German lyrical poets, who first sang about the middle of the twelfth century; their songs breathed of love and sweetness in woods, meadows, flowers, grass, rivers, birds, and women, while some had a religious character. Walter's name is pronounced Fögelvid.

Saying, "From these wandering minstrels
I have learned the art of song;
Let me now repay the lessons
They have taught so well and long."

Thus the bard of love departed;
And, fulfilling his desire,
On his tomb the birds were feasted
By the children of the choir.

Day by day, o'er tower and turret,
In foul weather and in fair,
Day by day, in vaster numbers,
Flocked the poets of the air.

On the tree whose heavy branches
Overshadowed all the place,
On the pavement, on the tombstone,
On the poet's sculptured face,

On the cross-bars of each window,
On the lintel of each door,
They renewed the War of Wartburg,¹
Which the bard had fought before.

There they sang their merry carols,
Sang their lauds on every side;
And the name their voices uttered
Was the name of Vogelweid.

¹ Castle Wartburg was the residence of Landgrave Herrmann of Thüringen, in Vogelweid's time, and a great resort of the Minnesingers. The *Wartburg Minstrels' War* is the name of a poem which celebrates the singing contests of that day. Long afterward Wartburg became famous as the place where Luther translated the Bible into German.

Till at length the portly abbot
Murmured, "Why this waste of food?
Be it changed to loaves henceforward
For our fasting brotherhood."

Then in vain o'er tower and turret,
From the walls and woodland nests,
When the minster bells rang noontide,
Gathered the unwelcome guests.

Then in vain, with cries discordant,
Clamorous round the Gothic spire,
Screamed the feathered Minnesingers
For the children of the choir.

Time has long effaced the inscriptions
On the cloister's funeral stones,
And tradition only tells us
Where repose the poet's bones.

But around the vast cathedral,
By sweet echoes multiplied,
Still the birds repeat the legend,
And the name of Vogelweid. .

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.

SOUTHWARD with fleet of ice
Sailed the corsair Death ;
Wild and fast blew the blast,
And the east-wind was his breath.

His lordly ships of ice
Glisten in the sun ;

On each side, like pennons wide,
Flashing crystal streamlets run.

His sails of white sea-mist
Dripped with silver rain ;
But where he passed there were cast
Leaden shadows o'er the main.

Eastward from Campobello
Sir Humphrey Gilbert¹ sailed ;
Three days or more seaward he bore,
Then, alas ! the land-wind failed.

Alas ! the land-wind failed,
And ice-cold grew the night ;
And nevermore, on sea or shore,
Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

He sat upon the deck,
The Book was in his hand ;
“Do not fear ! Heaven is as near,”
He said, “by water as by land !”

In the first watch of the night,
Without a signal's sound,

¹ Sir Humphrey Gilbert was half-brother to Sir Walter Raleigh, and came to America as leader of an expedition in 1583. It was when he was returning to England, after an unsuccessful voyage in search of a silver mine, that he met his death as the poem tells. He was aboard the *Squirrel*, the smallest vessel of his little fleet, — a boat of only ten tons burden. The historian of the expedition tells how the captain of one of the other vessels came near enough to see Sir Humphrey sitting in the stern with his book, and to hear his cheerful words.

Out of the sea mysteriously,
The fleet of Death rose all around.

The moon and the evening star
Were hanging in the shrouds ;
Every mast, as it passed,
Seemed to rake the passing clouds.

They grappled with their prize,
At midnight black and cold !
As of a rock was the shock ;
Heavily the ground-swell rolled.

Southward through day and dark,
They drift in close embrace,
With mist and rain, o'er the open main ;
Yet there seems no change of place.

Southward, forever southward,
They drift through dark and day ;
And like a dream, in the Gulf-Stream ¹
Sinking, vanish all away.

VICTOR GALBRAITH.²

UNDER the walls of Monterey
At daybreak the bugles begin to play,

¹ The warm river in the midst of the ocean, with its banks of cold water, which we call the Gulf Stream, has an important influence upon the climate of the countries by which it flows. The icebergs, as they drift into it from the north, melt away like a dream.

² "This poem," says Mr. Longfellow, "is founded on fact. Victor Galbraith was a bugler in a company of volunteer cavalry,

Victor Galbraith !

In the midst of the morning damp and gray,
These were the words they seemed to say :

“Come forth to thy death,
Victor Galbraith !”

Forth he came, with a martial tread ;
Firm was his step, erect his head ;

Victor Galbraith,
He who so well the bugle played,
Could not mistake the words it said :
“Come forth to thy death,
Victor Galbraith !”

He looked at the earth, he looked at the sky,
He looked at the files of musketry,
Victor Galbraith !

And he said, with a steady voice and eye,
“Take good aim ; I am ready to die !”
Thus challenges death
Victor Galbraith.

Twelve fiery tongues flashed straight and red,
Six leaden balls on their errand sped ;
Victor Galbraith
Falls to the ground, but he is not dead ;
His name was not stamped on those balls of lead,
And they only scath
Victor Galbraith.

and was shot in Mexico for some breach of discipline. It is a common superstition among soldiers, that no balls will kill them unless their names are written on them. The old proverb says, ‘Every bullet has its billet.’ ”

Three balls are in his breast and brain,
 But he rises out of the dust again,
 Victor Galbraith!
 The water he drinks has a bloody stain;
 "Oh, kill me, and put me out of my pain!"
 In his agony prayeth
 Victor Galbraith.

Forth dart once more those tongues of flame,
 And the bugler has died a death of shame,
 Victor Galbraith!
 His soul has gone back to whence it came,
 And no one answers to the name,
 When the Sergeant saith,
 "Victor Galbraith!"

Under the walls of Monterey
 By night a bugle is heard to play,
 Victor Galbraith!
 Through the mist of the valley damp and gray
 The sentinels hear the sound, and say,
 "That is the wraith
 Of Victor Galbraith!"

THE ROPEWALK.

In that building, long and low,
 With its windows all a-row,
 Like the port-holes of a hulk,
 Human spiders spin and spin,
 Backward down their threads so thin
 Dropping, each a hempen bulk.

At the end, an open door ;
Squares of sunshine on the floor
 Light the long and dusky lane ;
And the whirring of a wheel,
Dull and drowsy, makes me feel
 All its spokes are in my brain.

As the spinners to the end
Downward go and reascend,
 Gleam the long threads in the sun ;
While within this brain of mine
Cobwebs brighter and more fine
 By the busy wheel are spun.

Two fair maidens in a swing,
Like white doves upon the wing,
 First before my vision pass ;
Laughing, as their gentle hands
Closely clasp the twisted strands,
 At their shadow on the grass.

Then a booth of mountebanks,
With its smell of tan and planks,
 And a girl poised high in air
On a cord, in spangled dress,
With a faded loveliness,
 And a weary look of care.

Then a homestead among farms,
And a woman with bare arms
 Drawing water from a well ;
As the bucket mounts apace,
With it mounts her own fair face,
 As at some magician's spell.

Then an old man in a tower,
Ringing loud the noontide hour,
 While the rope coils round and round
Like a serpent at his feet,
And again, in swift retreat,
 Nearly lifts him from the ground.

Then within a prison-yard,
Faces fixed, and stern, and hard,
 Laughter and indecent mirth ;
Ah ! it is the gallows-tree !
Breath of Christian charity,
 Blow, and sweep it from the earth !

Then a school-boy, with his kite
Gleaming in a sky of light,
 And an eager, upward look ;
Steeds pursued through lane and field ;
 Fowlers with their snares concealed ;
 And an angler by a brook.

Ships rejoicing in the breeze,
Wrecks that float o'er unknown seas,
 Anchors dragged through faithless sand
Sea-fog drifting overhead,
And, with lessening line and lead,
 Sailors feeling for the land.

All these scenes do I behold,
These, and many left untold,
 In that building long and low ;
While the wheel goes round and round,
With a drowsy, dreamy sound,
 And the spinners backward go.

SANTA FILOMENA.¹

WHENE'ER a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp, —

The wounded from the battle-plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,

¹ This poem is in honor of Miss Nightingale, an English lady, who won the admiration of Christendom by her devotion to the sick and wounded in the Crimean War of 1854-55, when England and France were fighting Russia. Filomena [Latin, Philomela] is the Italian for Nightingale, and by a singular fortune there is a Saint Filomena whose memory is honored, and at Pisa, in Italy, there is a chapel dedicated to her, and over the altar a picture "representing the Saint as a beautiful, nymph-like figure, floating down from heaven attended by two angels bearing the lily, palm, and javelin, and beneath, in the foreground, the sick and maimed, who are healed by her intercession."

The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Lo ! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
 Pass through the glimmering gloom,
 And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
 Her shadow, as it falls
 Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be
Opened and then closed suddenly,
 The vision came and went,
 The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
 That light its rays shall cast
 From portals of the past.

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
 A noble type of good,
 Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear,
 The symbols that of yore
 Saint Filomena bore.

THE THREE KINGS.

THREE Kings came riding from far away,
Melchior and Gaspar and Baltasar ;¹
Three Wise Men out of the East were they,
And they travelled by night and they slept by day,
For their guide was a beautiful, wonderful star.

The star was so beautiful, large, and clear,
That all the other stars of the sky
Became a white mist in the atmosphere,
And by this they knew that the coming was near
Of the Prince foretold in the prophecy.

Three caskets they bore on their saddle-bows,
Three caskets of gold with golden keys ;
Their robes were of crimson silk with rows
Of bells and pomegranates and furbelows,
Their turbans like blossoming almond-trees.

And so the Three Kings rode into the West,
Through the dusk of night, over hill and dell,
And sometimes they nodded with beard on breast,
And sometimes talked, as they paused to rest,
With the people they met at some wayside well.

“Of the child that is born,” said Baltasar,
“Good people, I pray you, tell us the news ;
For we in the East have seen his star,
And have ridden fast, and have ridden far,
To find and worship the King of the Jews.”

¹ So, according to old tradition, were the Kings or Wise Men of the East named.

And the people answered, "You ask in vain ;
We know of no king but Herod the Great !"
They thought the Wise Men were men insane,
As they spurred their horses across the plain,
Like riders in haste, and who cannot wait.

And when they came to Jerusalem,
Herod the Great, who had heard this thing,
Sent for the Wise Men and questioned them ;
And said, "Go down unto Bethlehem,
And bring me tidings of this new king."

So they rode away ; and the star stood still,
The only one in the gray of morn ;
Yes, it stopped, it stood still of its own free will,
Right over Bethlehem on the hill,
The city of David where Christ was born.

And the Three Kings rode through the gate and the
guard,
Through the silent street, till their horses turned
And neighed as they entered the great inn-yard ;
But the windows were closed, and the doors were
barred,
And only a light in the stable burned.

And cradled there in the scented hay,
In the air made sweet by the breath of kine,
The little child in the manger lay,
The child, that would be king one day
Of a kingdom not human but divine.

His mother Mary of Nazareth
Sat watching beside his place of rest,

Watching the even flow of his breath,
For the joy of life and the terror of death
Were mingled together in her breast.

They laid their offerings at his feet :
The gold was their tribute to a King,
The frankincense, with its odor sweet,
Was for the Priest, the Paraclete,¹
The myrrh for the body's burying.

And the mother wondered and bowed her head,
And sat as still as a statue of stone ;
Her heart was troubled yet comforted,
Remembering what the Angel had said
Of an endless reign and of David's throne.

Then the Kings rode out of the city gate,
With a clatter of hoofs in proud array ;
But they went not back to Herod the Great,
For they knew his malice and feared his hate,
And returned to their homes by another way.

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.²

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.³

“ HAST thou seen that lordly castle,
That Castle by the sea ?

¹ The Paraclete is the Greek for Comforter, the name by which the Holy Spirit is sometimes called in the New Testament.

² The quotation marks will help the reader to see that the poem is a dialogue between one who knew only of the coming marriage of a princess, and one who knew of the calamity which had interrupted the marriage.

³ Uhland was a German poet, who was born in 1787, and died in 1862.

Golden and red about it
The clouds float gorgeously.

“And fain it would stoop downward
To the mirrored wave below;
And fain it would soar upward
In the evening’s crimson glow.”

“Well have I seen that castle,
That Castle by the Sea,
And the moon above it standing,
And the mist rise solemnly.”

“The winds and the waves of ocean,
Had they a merry chime?
Dost thou hear, from those lofty chambers,
The harp and the minstrel’s rhyme?”

“The winds and the waves of ocean,
They rested quietly,
But I heard on the gale a sound of wail,
And tears came to mine eye.”

“And sawest thou on the turrets
The King and his royal bride?
And the wave of their crimson mantles?
And the golden crown of pride?”

“Led they not forth, in rapture,
A beauteous maiden there?
Resplendent as the morning sun,
Beaming with golden hair?”

“ Well saw I the ancient parents,
Without the crown of pride ;
They were moving slow, in weeds of woe,
No maiden was by their side ! ”

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.¹

“ SPEAK ! speak ! thou fearful guest !
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me !
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,²
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me ? ”

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December ;

¹ “ This ballad was suggested to me,” says Mr. Longfellow, “ while riding on the sea-shore at Newport. A year or two previous a skeleton had been dug up at Fall River, clad in broken and corroded armor ; and the idea occurred to me of connecting it with the Round Tower at Newport, generally known hitherto as the Old Windmill, though now claimed by the Danes as a work of their early ancestors.” It is generally conceded now that the Norsemen had nothing to do with the old mill at Newport, which is a close copy of one standing at Chesterton, in Warwickshire, England. The destruction of the armor shortly after it was found has prevented any trustworthy examination of it, to see if it was really Scandinavian or only Indian. The poet sings as one haunted by the skeleton, and able to call out its voice.

² This old warrior was not embalmed as an Egyptian mummy.

And, like the water's flow
 Under December's snow,
 Came a dull voice of woe
 From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking¹ old!
 My deeds, though manifold,
 No Skald² in song has told,
 No Saga³ taught thee!
 Take heed, that in thy verse
 Thou dost the tale rehearse,
 Else dread a dead man's curse;
 For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern Land,
 By the wild Baltic's strand,
 I, with my childish hand,
 Tamed the gerfalcon;
 And, with my skates fast-bound,
 Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
 That the poor whimpering hound
 Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair
 Tracked I the grisly bear,
 While from my path the hare
 Fled like a shadow;

¹ The Vik-ings took their name from an old Norse word, *vík*, still used in Norway, signifying creek, because these sea-pirates made their haunts among the indentations of the coast, and sallied out thence in search of booty.

² The Skald was the Norse chronicler and poet who sang of brave deeds at the feasts of the warriors.

³ The Saga was the *saying* or chronicle of the heroic deeds. There are many of these old sagas still preserved in Northern literature.

Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's ¹ bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

“But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

“Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's ² tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Filled to o'erflowing.

“Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,

¹ In the fables of Northern Europe there were said to be men who could change themselves into wolves at pleasure, and they were called were-wolves.

² There was a famous warrior in the fabulous history of Norway who went into battle bare of armor (*ber* — bare; *særke* — a shirt of mail), but possessed of a terrible rage; he had twelve sons like himself, who were also called Berserks or Berserkers, and the phrase Berserker rage has come into use to express a terrible fury which makes a man fearless and strong.

Burning, yet tender ;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

“I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frightened.

“Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory ;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story.

“While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded ?

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen!
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armed hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

"Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us ;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death! was the helmsman's hail,
Death without quarter!
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel ;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water!

“ As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
 With his prey laden ;
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
 Bore I the maiden.

“ Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o’er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
 Stretching to leeward ;
There for my lady’s bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
 Stands looking seaward.

“ There lived we many years ;
Time dried the maiden’s tears ;
She had forgot her fears,
 She was a mother ;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies ;
Ne’er shall the sun arise
 On such another !

“ Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen !
Hateful to me were men,
 The sunlight hateful !
In that vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
 O, death was grateful !

“Thus, seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended !
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior’s soul,
*Skoal !*¹ to the Northland ! *skoal !*”
Thus the tale ended.

THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF AGASSIZ.²

MAY 28, 1857.

It was fifty years ago
In the pleasant month of May,
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,³
A child in its cradle lay.

And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying : “ Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee.”

“Come, wander with me,” she said,
“Into regions yet untrod ;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God.”

¹ “In Scandinavia,” says Mr. Longfellow, “this is the customary salutation when drinking a health. I have slightly changed the orthography of the word [skål] in order to preserve the correct pronunciation.”

² Louis John Rudolph Agassiz, the great naturalist and teacher, was born in Switzerland, May 28, 1807, and died at Cambridge, Massachusetts, December 14, 1873.

³ Pronounced Pah’ee dê Vō.

And he wandered away and away
 With Nature, the dear old nurse,
 Who sang to him night and day
 The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,
 Or his heart began to fail,
 She would sing a more wonderful song,
 Or tell a more marvellous tale.

So she keeps him still a child,
 And will not let him go,
 Though at times his heart beats wild
 For the beautiful Pays de Vaud ;

Though at times he hears in his dreams
 The Ranz des Vaches¹ of old,
 And the rush of mountain streams
 From glaciers clear and cold ;

And the mother at home says, " Hark !
 For his voice I listen and yearn ;
 It is growing late and dark,
 And my boy does not return ! "

MAIDENHOOD.

MAIDEN ! with the meek, brown eyes,
 In whose orbs a shadow lies
 Like the dusk in evening skies !

¹ A melody played by the Swiss mountaineers on the Alphorn, when leading the cows to pasture, or calling them home. Pronounced Ränz dā Väh.

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run !

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet !

Gazing, with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse !

Deep and still, that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem,
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision,
When bright angels in thy vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian ?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove, with startled eye,
Sees the falcon's shadow fly ?

Hearst thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafened by the cataract's roar ?

O, thou child of many prayers !
Life hath quicksands, — Life hath snares !
Care and age come unawares !

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough, where slumbered
Birds and blossoms many-numbered ; —
Age, that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand ;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

Oh, that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal ; *

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.

EXCELSIOR.¹

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior !

¹The original manuscript of this poem, showing the various changes made by the poet in the course of composition is in the

His brow was sad ; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior !

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright ;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior !

“ Try not the Pass ! ” the old man said ;
“ Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide ! ”
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior !

Oh stay,” the maiden said, “ and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast ! ”
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior !

“ Beware the pine-tree’s withered branch !
Beware the awful avalanche ! ”
This was the peasant’s last Good-night,
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior !

library of Harvard University. Mr. Longfellow in a letter to a friend intimates his intention in the poem in these words : “ This was no more than to display, in a series of pictures, the life of a man of genius, resisting all temptations, laying aside all fears, heedless of all warnings, and pressing right on to accomplish his purpose. His motto is Excelsior — ‘ higher.’ ”

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard ¹
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
 Excelsior !

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
 Excelsior !

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
 Excelsior !

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy ² stands ;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands ;

¹ The monastery of St. Bernard high up in the Alps occupies a dangerous pass, and many travellers have found shelter there. It gave rise to the breed of St. Bernard dogs, famous for their intelligence and the aid they have given in rescuing travellers from the blinding snow.

² The suggestion of the poem came from the smithy which the poet passed daily, and which stood beneath a horse-chestnut tree not far from his house in Cambridge. The tree, against the protests of Mr. Longfellow and others, was removed in 1876, on the ground that it imperilled drivers of heavy loads who passed under it.

And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are as strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan ;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door ;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch ¹ the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

¹ After this poem had been printed for some time, Mr. Longfellow was disposed to change this word to "watch," but the original form had grown so familiar that he decided to leave it.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
 Singing in Paradise!
 He needs must think of her once more,
 How in the grave she lies;
 And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
 A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, — rejoicing, — sorrowing,
 Onward through life he goes;
 Each morning sees some task begin,
 Each evening sees it close;
 Something attempted, something done,
 Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
 For the lesson thou hast taught!
 Thus at the flaming forge of life
 Our fortunes must be wrought;
 Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
 Each burning deed and thought.

FROM MY ARM-CHAIR.

TO THE CHILDREN OF CAMBRIDGE

WHO PRESENTED TO ME, ON MY SEVENTY-SECOND BIRTHDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1879, THIS CHAIR MADE FROM THE WOOD OF THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH'S CHESTNUT-TREE.

AM I a king, that I should call my own
 This splendid ebon throne?
 Or by what reason, or what right divine,
 Can I proclaim it mine?

Only, perhaps, by right divine of song
 It may to me belong;

Only because the spreading chestnut-tree
Of old was sung by me.

Well I remember it in all its prime,
When in the summer-time
The affluent foliage of its branches made
A cavern of cool shade.

There, by the blacksmith's forge, beside the street,
Its blossoms white and sweet
Enticed the bees, until it seemed alive,
And murmured like a hive.

And when the winds of autumn, with a shout,
Tossed its great arms about,
The shining chestnuts, bursting from the sheath,
Dropped to the ground beneath.

And now some fragments of its branches bare,
Shaped as a stately chair,
Have by my hearthstone found a home at last,
And whisper of the past.

The Danish king could not in all his pride
Repel the ocean tide,
But, seated in this chair, I can in rhyme
Roll back the tide of Time.

I see again, as one in vision sees,
The blossoms and the bees,
And hear the children's voices shout and call,
And the brown chestnuts fall.

I see the smithy with its fires aglow,
I hear the bellows blow,

And the shrill hammers on the anvil beat
The iron white with heat!

And thus, dear children, have ye made for me
This day a jubilee,
And to my more than threescore years and ten
Brought back my youth again.

The heart hath its own memory, like the mind,
And in it are enshrined
The precious keepsakes, into which is wrought
The giver's loving thought.

Only your love and your remembrance could
Give life to this dead wood,
And make these branches, leafless now so long,
Blossom again in song.¹

SONG.

STAY, stay at home, my heart, and rest;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,
For those that wander they know not where
Are full of trouble and full of care;
To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and distressed,
They wander east, they wander west,

Contributions for the purchase of the chair came from some seven hundred children of the public schools. Mr. Longfellow had this poem, which he wrote on the day the chair was given him, printed on a sheet, and was accustomed to give a copy to each child who visited him and sat in the chair.

And are baffled and beaten and blown about
By the winds of the wilderness of doubt :
To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest ;
The bird is safest in its nest ;
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly
A hawk is hovering in the sky ;
To stay at home is best.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea ;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailòr,
Had sailed to the Spanish Main,
“ I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

“ Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see ! ”

The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the Northeast,
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength ;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither ! come hither ! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so ;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast ;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father ! I hear the church-bells ring,
Oh say, what may it be ?"
"T is a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast ! " —
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father ! I hear the sound of guns,
Oh say, what may it be ?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea ! "

"O father ! I see a gleaming light,
Oh say, what may it be ?"

But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That savèd she might be ;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave,
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Tow'rds the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land ;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board ;

Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
 Ho ! ho ! the breakers roared !

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
 A fisherman stood aghast,
 To see the form of a maiden fair,
 Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
 The salt tears in her eyes ;
 And he saw her hair, like the brown seaweed,
 On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
 In the midnight and the snow !
 Christ save us all from a death like this,
 On the reef of Norman's Woe !¹

THE BELLS OF LYNN.

HEARD AT NAHANT.²

O CURFEW of the setting sun ! O Bells of Lynn !
 O requiem of the dying day ! O Bells of Lynn !

From the dark belfries of yon cloud-cathedral wafted,
 Your sounds aerial seem to float, O Bells of Lynn !

It was the loss of a real schooner Hesperus, off the reef of Norman's Woe, near Gloucester, Massachusetts, which suggested this ballad to the poet.

² Nahant, a promontory running out from Lynn beach, was long a summer home of Mr. Longfellow. Though there is no rhyme, the steady recurrence of the phrase, "O Bells of Lynn," gives both rhythmic swing and the effect of rhyme.

Borne on the evening wind across the crimson twilight,

O'er land and sea they rise and fall, O Bells of Lynn !

The fisherman in his boat, far out beyond the headland,

Listens, and leisurely rows ashore, O Bells of Lynn !

Over the shining sands the wandering cattle homeward

Follow each other at your call, O Bells of Lynn !

The distant lighthouse hears, and with his flaming signal

Answers you, passing the watchword on, O Bells of Lynn !

And down the darkening coast run the tumultuous surges,

And clap their hands, and shout to you, O Bells of Lynn !

Till from the shuddering sea, with your wild incantations,

Ye summon up the spectral moon, O Bells of Lynn !

And startled at the sight, like the weird woman of Endor,

Ye cry aloud, and then are still, O Bells of Lynn !

THE TIDE RISES, THE TIDE FALLS.

THE tide rises, the tide falls,
The twilight darkens, the curlew calls;
Along the sea-sands damp and brown
The traveller hastens toward the town,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

Darkness settles on roofs and walls,
But the sea, the sea in the darkness calls;
The little waves, with their soft, white hands,
Efface the footprints in the sands,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

The morning breaks; the steeds in their stalls
Stamp and neigh, as the hostler calls;
The day returns, but nevermore
Returns the traveller to the shore,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

THE OPEN WINDOW.

THE old house by the lindens¹
Stood silent in the shade,
And on the gravelled pathway
The light and shadow played.

¹ The old house by the lindens is what was known as the Lechmere house which formerly stood on Brattle Street, corner of Sparks Street, in Cambridge. It was in this house that Baron Riedesel was quartered as prisoner of war after the surrender of Burgoyne, and the window-pane used to be shown on which the Baroness wrote her name with a diamond.

I saw the nursery windows
Wide open to the air ;
But the faces of the children,
They were no longer there.

The large Newfoundland house-dog
Was standing by the door ;
He looked for his little playmates,
Who would return no more.

They walked not under the lindens,
They played not in the hall ;
But shadow, and silence, and sadness
Were hanging over all.

The birds sang in the branches,
With sweet, familiar tone ;
But the voices of the children
Will be heard in dreams alone !

And the boy that walked beside me,
He could not understand
Why closer in mine, ah ! closer,
I pressed his warm, soft hand !

RESIGNATION.¹

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there !

¹ Written in the autumn of 1848, after the death of his little daughter Fanny. There is a passage in the poet's diary, under date of November 12, in which he says : " I feel very sad to-day. I miss very much my dear little Fanny. An inappeasable longing to see her comes over me at times, which I can hardly control."

There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair !

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead ;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted !

Let us be patient ! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors ;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death ! What seems so is transition ;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead, — the child of our affection, —
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air ;

Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her ;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child ;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace ;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest, —

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay ;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

A DAY OF SUNSHINE.

O GIFT of God ! O perfect day :
Whereon shall no man work, but play ;
Whereon it is enough for me,
Not to be doing, but to be !

Through every fibre of my brain,
Through every nerve, through every vein,
I feel the electric thrill, the touch
Of life, that seems almost too much.

I hear the wind among the trees
Playing celestial symphonies ;
I see the branches downward bent,
Like keys of some great instrument.

And over me unrolls on high
The splendid scenery of the sky,
Where through a sapphire sea the sun
Sails like a golden galleon,

Towards yonder cloud-land in the West,
Towards yonder Islands of the Blest,
Whose steep sierra far uplifts
Its craggy summits white with drifts.

Blow, winds ! and waft through all the rooms
The snow-flakes of the cherry-blooms !
Blow, winds ! and bend within my reach
The fiery blossoms of the peach !

O Life and Love ! O happy throng
Of thoughts, whose only speech is song !
O heart of man ! canst thou not be
Blithe as the air is, and as free ?

DAYLIGHT AND MOONLIGHT.

In broad daylight, and at noon,
Yesterday I saw the moon

Sailing high, but faint and white,
As a school-boy's paper kite,

In broad daylight, yesterday,
I read a Poet's mystic lay ;
And it seemed to me at most
As a phantom, or a ghost.

But at length the feverish day
Like a passion died away,
And the night, serene and still,
Fell on village, vale, and hill.

Then the moon, in all her pride,
Like a spirit glorified,
Filled and overflowed the night
With revelations of her light.

And the Poet's song again
Passed like music through my brain ;
Night interpreted to me
All its grace and mystery.

TWILIGHT.

THE twilight is sad and cloudy,
The wind blows wild and free,
And like the wings of sea-birds
Flash the white caps of the sea.

But in the fisherman's cottage
There shines a ruddier light,
And a little face at the window
Peers out into the night.

Close, close it is pressed to the window,
As if those childish eyes
Were looking into the darkness
To see some form arise.

And a woman's waving shadow
Is passing to and fro,
Now rising to the ceiling,
Now bowing and bending low.

What tale do the roaring ocean,
And the night-wind, bleak and wild,
As they beat at the crazy casement,
Tell to that little child?

And why do the roaring ocean,
And the night-wind, wild and bleak,
As they beat at the heart of the mother
Drive the color from her cheek?

DAYBREAK.

A WIND came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists make room for me."

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone."

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, "Awake! it is the day."

It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing."

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow; the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn."

It shouted through the belfry tower,
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie."

THE CITY AND THE SEA.

THE panting City cried to the Sea,
"I am faint with heat, — Oh breathe on me!"

And the Sea said, "Lo, I breathe! but my breath
To some will be life, to others death!"

As to Prometheus, bringing ease
In pain, come the Oceanides,¹

So to the city, hot with the flame
Of the pitiless sun, the east wind came.

It came from the heaving breast of the deep,
Silent as dreams are, and sudden as sleep.

¹ In the classic fable Prometheus was chained to a rock for punishment, and the daughters of Ocean came to console him.

Life-giving, death-giving, which will it be ;
O breath of the merciful, merciless Sea ?

FOUR BY THE CLOCK.¹

FOUR by the clock ! and yet not day ;
But the great world rolls and wheels away,
With its cities on land, and its ships at sea,
Into the dawn that is to be !

Only the lamp in the anchored bark
Sends its glimmer across the dark,
And the heavy breathing of the sea
Is the only sound that comes to me.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO
THE PSALMIST.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream ! —
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal ;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;

¹ " Nahant, September 8, 1860, four o'clock in the morning."

But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle !
Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !
Let the dead Past bury its dead !
Act, — act in the living Present !
Heart within, and God o'erhead !

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time ;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

THE CASTLE-BUILDER.

A GENTLE boy, with soft and silken locks,
A dreamy boy, with brown and tender eyes,
A castle-builder, with his wooden blocks,
And towers that touch imaginary skies.

A fearless rider on his father's knee,
An eager listener unto stories told
At the Round Table¹ of the nursery,
Of heroes and adventures manifold.

There will be other towers for thee to build ;
There will be other steeds for thee to ride ;
There will be other legends, and all filled
With greater marvels and more glorified.

Build on, and make thy castles high and fair,
Rising and reaching upward to the skies ;
Listen to voices in the upper air,
Nor lose thy simple faith in mysteries.

THE CHAMBER OVER THE GATE.

Is it so far from thee
Thou canst no longer see,
In the Chamber over the Gate,
That old man desolate,
Weeping and wailing sore
For his son, who is no more ?
O Absalom, my son !

In old English legend there was a famous order of knights called the Knights of the Round Table, with King Arthur at their head.

Is it so long ago
That cry of human woe
From the walled city came,
Calling on his dear name,
That it has died away
In the distance of to-day?
O Absalom, my son!

There is no far or near,
There is neither there nor here,
There is neither soon nor late,
In that Chamber over the Gate,
Nor any long ago
To that cry of human woe,
O Absalom, my son!

From the ages that are past
The voice sounds like a blast,
Over seas that wreck and drown,
Over tumult of traffic and town;
And from ages yet to be
Come the echoes back to me,
O Absalom, my son!

Somewhere at every hour
The watchman on the tower
Looks forth, and sees the fleet
Approach of the hurrying feet
Of messengers, that bear
The tidings of despair.
O Absalom, my son!

He goes forth from the door,
Who shall return no more.

With him our joy departs ;
 The light goes out in our hearts ;
 In the Chamber over the Gate
 We sit disconsolate.
 O Absalom, my son !

That 't is a common grief
 Bringeth but slight relief ;
 Ours is the bitterest loss,
 Ours is the heaviest cross ;
 And forever the cry will be
 " Would God I had died for thee,
 O Absalom, my son ! " ¹

THE REVENGE OF RAIN-IN-THE-FACE.

In that desolate land and lone,
 Where the Big Horn and Yellowstone
 Roar down their mountain path,
 By their fires the Sioux Chiefs
 Muttered their woes and griefs
 And the menace of their wrath.

" Revenge ! " cried Rain-in-the-Face,
 " Revenge upon all the race
 Of the White Chief with yellow hair ! " ²

¹ Suggested to the poet when writing a letter of condolence to the Bishop of Mississippi, whose son, the Rev. Duncan C. Green, had died at his post at Greenville, Mississippi, September 15, 1878, during the prevalence of yellow fever. The reader of the Bible does not need to be reminded of the touching story of David's lament over his son Absalom.

² General George A. Custer, who was surprised, and with his entire force put to death by the Sioux Indians, June 25, 1876, "the year of a hundred years."

And the mountains dark and high
From their crags reëchoed the cry
Of his anger and despair.

In the meadow, spreading wide
By woodland and river-side
The Indian village stood ;
All was silent as a dream,
Save the rushing of the stream
And the blue-jay in the wood.

In his war paint and his beads,
Like a bison among the reeds,
In ambush the Sitting Bull
Lay with three thousand braves
Crouched in the clefts and caves,
Savage, unmerciful !

Into the fatal snare
The White Chief with yellow hair
And his three hundred men
Dashed headlong, sword in hand ;
But of that gallant band
Not one returned again.

The sudden darkness of death
Overwhelmed them like the breath
And smoke of a furnace fire :
By the river's bank, and between
The rocks of the ravine,
They lay in their bloody attire.

But the foemen fled in the night,
And Rain-in-the-Face, in his flight,

Uplifted high in air
 As a ghastly trophy, bore
 The brave heart, that beat no more,
 Of the White Chief with yellow hair.

Whose was the right and the wrong?
 Sing it, O funeral song,
 With a voice that is full of tears,
 And say that our broken faith
 Wrought all this ruin and scathe,
 In the Year of a Hundred Years.

PRELUDE.

As treasures that men seek,
 Deep buried in sea-sands,
 Vanish if they but speak,
 And elude their eager hands, —

So ye escape and slip,
 O songs, and fade away,
 When the word is on my lip
 To interpret what ye say.

Were it not better, then,
 To let the treasures rest
 Hid from the eyes of men
 Locked in their iron chest?

I have but marked the place,
 But half the secret told,
 That, following this slight trace,
 Others may find the gold.¹

¹ This poem was written to serve as a prelude to a group of translations. The three poems which follow this are translations.

THE BOY AND THE BROOK.

FROM THE ARMENIAN.

DOWN from yon distant mountain height
The brooklet flows through the village street;
A boy comes forth to wash his hands,
Washing, yes, washing, there he stands,
In the water cool and sweet.

Brook, from what mountain dost thou come?
O my brooklet cool and sweet!
I come from yon mountain high and cold
Where lieth the new snow on the old,
And melts in the summer heat.

Brook, to what river dost thou go?
O my brooklet cool and sweet!
I go to the river there below
Where in bunches the violets grow,
And sun and shadow meet.

Brook, to what garden dost thou go?
O my brooklet cool and sweet!
I go to the garden in the vale
Where all night long the nightingale
Her love-song doth repeat.

Brook, to what fountain dost thou go?
O my brooklet cool and sweet!
I go to the fountain at whose brink

Throughout his life Mr. Longfellow delighted in turning poetry from other languages into English verse, and his translations are sometimes more melodious than the originals.

The maid that loves thee comes to drink,
And whenever she looks therein,
I rise to meet her, and kiss her chin,
And my joy is then complete.

THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINRICH HEINE.

THE sea hath its pearls,
The heaven hath its stars;
But my heart, my heart,
My heart hath its love.

Great are the sea and the heaven,
Yet greater is my heart;
And fairer than pearls and stars
Flashes and beams my love.

A SONG FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

If thou art sleeping, maiden,
Awake, and open thy door.
'Tis the break of day, and we must away,
O'er meadow, and mount, and moor.

Wait not to find thy slippers,
But come with thy naked feet:
We shall have to pass through the dewy grass,
And waters wide and fleet.

LOSS AND GAIN.

WHEN I compare
What I have lost with what I have gained,
What I have missed with what attained,
Little room do I find for pride.

I am aware
How many days have been idly spent ;
How like an arrow the good intent
Has fallen short or been turned aside.

But who shall dare
To measure loss and gain in this wise ?
Defeat may be victory in disguise ;
The lowest ebb is the turn of the tide.

TO THE AVON.

FLOW on, sweet river ! like his verse
Who lies beneath this sculptured hearse ;
Nor wait beside the churchyard wall
For him who cannot hear thy call.

Thy playmate once ; I see him now
A boy with sunshine on his brow,
And hear in Stratford's quiet street
The patter of his little feet.

I see him by thy shallow edge
Wading knee-deep amid the sedge ;
And lost in thought, as if thy stream
Were the swift river of a dream.

He wonders whitherward it flows;
 And fain would follow where it goes,
 To the wide world, that shall erelong
 Be filled with his melodious song.

Flow on, fair stream ! That dream is o'er ;
 He stands upon another shore ;
 A vaster river near him flows,
 And still he follows where it goes.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG.¹

I SHOT an arrow into the air,
 It fell to earth, I knew not where ;
 For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
 Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
 It fell to earth, I knew not where ;
 For who has sight so keen and strong,
 That it can follow the flight of song ?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
 I found the arrow, still unbroke ;
 And the song, from beginning to end,
 I found again in the heart of a friend.

¹ "October 16, 1845. Before church, wrote *The Arrow and the Song*, which came into my mind as I stood with my back to the fire, and glanced on to the paper with arrow's speed. Literally an improvisation."—*Diary of H. W. Longfellow*.

THE CHALLENGE.

I HAVE a vague remembrance
Of a story, that is told
In some ancient Spanish legend
Or chronicle of old.

It was when brave King Sanchez ¹
Was before Zamora slain,
And his great besieging army
Lay encamped upon the plain.

Don Diego de Ordoñez ²
Sallied forth in front of all,
And shouted loud his challenge
To the warders on the wall.

All the people of Zamora,
Both the born and the unborn,
As traitors did he challenge
With taunting words of scorn.

The living, in their houses,
And in their graves, the dead !
And the waters of their rivers,
And their wine, and oil, and bread !

There is a greater army,
That besets us round with strife,
A starving, numberless army,
At all the gates of life.

¹ Sanchāth.

² Ordōnyāth.

The poverty-stricken millions
 Who challenge our wine and bread,
 And impeach us all as traitors,
 Both the living and the dead.

And whenever I sit at the banquet,
 Where the feast and song are high,
 Amid the mirth and the music
 I can hear that fearful cry.

And hollow and haggard faces
 Look into the lighted hall,
 And wasted hands are extended
 To catch the crumbs that fall.

For within there is light and plenty,
 And odors fill the air ;
 But without there is cold and darkness,
 And hunger and despair.

And there in the camp of famine
 In wind and cold and rain,
 Christ, the great Lord of the army,
 Lies dead upon the plain !

THE DAY IS DONE.

[Written in the fall of 1844 as proem to *The Waiif*, a small volume of poems selected by Mr. Longfellow and published at Christmas of that year.]

THE day is done, and the darkness
 Falls from the wings of Night,
 As a feather is wafted downward
 From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist :

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor ;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start ;

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
 The restless pulse of care,
 And come like the benediction
 That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
 The poem of thy choice,
 And lend to the rhyme of the poet
 The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
 And the cares, that infest the day,
 Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
 And as silently steal away.

TO AN OLD DANISH SONG BOOK.

[After reading Hans Andersen's *Story of my Life*, Longfellow notes in his diary: "Autumn always brings back very freshly my autumnal sojourn in Copenhagen, delightfully mingled with bracing air and yellow falling leaves. I have tried to record the impression in the song *To an Old Danish Song Book*."']

WELCOME, my old friend,
 Welcome to a foreign fireside,
 While the sullen gales of autumn
 Shake the windows.

The ungrateful world
 Has, it seems, dealt harshly with thee,
 Since, beneath the skies of Denmark,
 First I met thee.

There are marks of age,
 There are thumb-marks on thy margin,

Made by hands that clasped thee rudely,
At the alehouse.

Soiled and dull thou art;
Yellow are thy time-worn pages,
As the russet, rain-molested
Leaves of autumn.

Thou art stained with wine
Scattered from hilarious goblets,
As the leaves with the libations
Of Olympus.

Yet dost thou recall
Days departed, half-forgotten,
When in dreamy youth I wandered
By the Baltic, —

When I paused to hear
The old ballad of King Christian ¹
Shouted from suburban taverns
In the twilight.

Thou recallest bards,
Who, in solitary chambers,
And with hearts by passion wasted,
Wrote thy pages.

Thou recallest homes
Where thy songs of love and friendship
Made the gloomy Northern winter
Bright as summer.

¹ See Longfellow's translation of this national song of Denmark in *Paul Revere's Ride and other Poems*, Riverside Literature Series, No. 63.

Once some ancient Scald,¹
In his bleak, ancestral Iceland,
Chanted staves of these old ballads
To the Vikings.

Once in Elsinore,
At the court of old King Hamlet,
Yorick and his boon companions
Sang these ditties.

Once Prince Frederick's Guard
Sang them in their smoky barracks ;—
Suddenly the English cannon
Joined the chorus !

Peasants in the field,
Sailors on the roaring ocean,
Students, tradesmen, pale mechanics,
All have sung them.

Thou hast been their friend ;
They, alas ! have left thee friendless !
Yet at least by one warm fireside
Art thou welcome.

And, as swallows build
In these wide, old-fashioned chimneys,
So thy twittering song shall nestle
In my bosom, —

Quiet, close, and warm,
Sheltered from all molestation,
And recalling by their voices
Youth and travel.

¹ Scald.

AMALFI.

SWEET the memory is to me
Of a land beyond the sea,
Where the waves and mountains meet,
Where amid her mulberry-trees
Sits Amalfi in the heat,
Bathing ever her white feet
In the tideless summer seas.

In the middle of the town,
From its fountains in the hills,
Tumbling through the narrow gorge,
The Canneto rushes down,
Turns the great wheels of the mills,
Lifts the hammers of the forge.

'T is a stairway, not a street,
That ascends the deep ravine,
Where the torrent leaps between
Rocky walls that almost meet.
Toiling up from stair to stair
Peasant girls their burdens bear;
Sunburnt daughters of the soil,
Stately figures tall and straight,
What inexorable fate
Dooms them to this life of toil?

Lord of vineyards and of lands,
Far above the convent stands.
On its terraced walk aloof
Leans a monk with folded hands.
Placid, satisfied, serene,

Looking down upon the scene
Over wall and red-tiled roof ;
Wondering unto what good end
All this toil and traffic tend,
And why all men cannot be
Free from care and free from pain,
And the sordid love of gain,
And as indolent as he.

Where are now the freighted barks
From the marts of east and west ?
Where the knights in iron sarks
Journeying to the Holy Land,
Glove of steel upon the hand,
Cross of crimson on the breast ?
Where the pomp of camp and court ?
Where the pilgrims with their prayers ?
Where the merchants with their wares,
And their gallant brigantines
Safely sailing into port
Chased by corsair Algerines ?

Vanished like a fleet of cloud,
Like a passing trumpet-blast,
Are those splendors of the past,
And the commerce and the crowd !
Fathoms deep beneath the seas
Lie the ancient wharves and quays,
Swallowed by the engulfing waves ;
Silent streets and vacant halls,
Ruined roofs and towers and walls ;
Hidden from all mortal eyes
Deep the sunken city lies :
Even cities have their graves !
This is an enchanted land !

Round the headlands far away
Sweeps the blue Salernian bay
With its sickle of white sand :
Further still and furthestmost
On the dim discovered coast
Pæstum with its ruins lies,
And its roses all in bloom
Seem to tinge the fatal skies
Of that lonely land of doom.

On his terrace, high in air,
Nothing doth the good monk care
For such worldly themes as these.
From the garden just below
Little puffs of perfume blow,
And a sound is in his ears
Of the murmur of the bees
In the shining chestnut-trees ;
Nothing else he heeds or hears.
All the landscape seems to swoon
In the happy afternoon ;
Slowly o'er his senses creep
The encroaching waves of sleep,
And he sinks as sank the town,
Unresisting, fathoms down,
Into caverns cool and deep !

Walled about with drifts of snow,
Hearing the fierce north-wind blow,
Seeing all the landscape white
And the river cased in ice,
Comes this memory of delight,
Comes this vision unto me
Of a long-lost Paradise
In the land beyond the sea.

THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH CAPE.

A LEAF FROM KING ALFRED'S OROSIUS.¹

OTHERE,² the old sea-captain,
Who dwelt in Helgoland,
To King Alfred, the Lover of Truth,
Brought a snow-white walrus-tooth,
Which he held in his brown right hand.

His figure was tall and stately,
Like a boy's his eye appeared ;
His hair was yellow as hay,
But threads of a silvery gray
Gleamed in his tawny beard.

Hearty and hale was Othere,
His cheek had the color of oak ;
With a kind of a laugh in his speech,
Like the sea-tide on a beach,
As unto the King he spoke.

And Alfred, King of the Saxons,
Had a book upon his knees,
And wrote down the wondrous tale
Of him who was first to sail
Into the Arctic seas.

“ So far I live to the northward,
No man lives north of me ;

¹ Orosius was a Spanish priest who lived in the fifth century and wrote a universal history which was translated by King Alfred the Great of England.

² O'ther-e.

To the east are wild mountain-chains,
And beyond them meres and plains ;
To the westward all is sea.

“ So far I live to the northward,
From the harbor of Skeringes-hale,
If you only sailed by day,
With a fair wind all the way,
More than a month would you sail.

“ I own six hundred reindeer,
With sheep and swine beside ;
I have tribute from the Finns,
Whalebone and reindeer-skins,
And ropes of walrus-hide.

“ I ploughed the land with horses,
But my heart was ill at ease,
For the old seafaring men
Came to me now and then,
With their sagas of the seas ;—

“ Of Iceland and of Greenland,
And the stormy Hebrides,
And the undiscovered deep ;—
Oh I could not eat nor sleep
For thinking of those seas.

“ To the northward stretched the desert,
How far I fain would know ;
So at last I sallied forth,
And three days sailed due north,
As far as the whale-ships go.

“ To the west of me was the ocean,
 To the right the desolate shore,
But I did not slacken sail
For the walrus or the whale,
 Till after three days more.

“ The days grew longer and longer,
 Till they became as one,
And northward through the haze
I saw the sullen blaze
 Of the red midnight sun.

“ And then uprose before me,
 Upon the water’s edge,
The huge and haggard shape
Of that unknown North Cape,
 Whose form is like a wedge.

“ The sea was rough and stormy,
 The tempest howled and wailed,
And the sea-fog, like a ghost,
Haunted that dreary coast,
 But onward still I sailed.

“ Four days I steered to eastward,
 Four days without a night:
Round in a fiery ring
Went the great sun, O King,
 With red and lurid light.”

Here Alfred, King of the Saxons,
 Ceased writing for a while ;
And raised his eyes from his book,
With a strange and puzzled look,
 And an incredulous smile.

But Othere, the old sea-captain,
He neither paused nor stirred,
Till the King listened and then
Once more took up his pen,
And wrote down every word.

“And now the land,” said Othere,
“Bent southward suddenly,
And I followed the curving shore
And ever southward bore
Into a nameless sea.

“And there we hunted the walrus,
The narwhale, and the seal ;
Ha ! ’t was a noble game !
And like the lightning’s flame
Flew our harpoons of steel.

“There were six of us all together,
Norsemen of Helgoland ;
In two days and no more
We killed of them threescore,
And dragged them to the strand !”

Here Alfred the Truth-teller
Suddenly closed his book,
And lifted his blue eyes,
With doubt and strange surmise
Depicted in their look.

And Othere the old sea-captain
Stared at him wild and weird,
Then smiled, till his shining teeth
Gleamed white from underneath
His tawny, quivering beard.

And to the King of the Saxons,
In witness of the truth,
Raising his noble head,
He stretched his brown hand, and said,
“Behold this walrus-tooth !”

CURFEW.

I.

SOLEMNLY, mournfully,
Dealing its dole,
The Curfew¹ Bell
Is beginning to toll.

Cover the embers,
And put out the light ;
Toil comes with the morning,
And rest with the night.

Dark grow the windows,
And quenched is the fire ;
Sound fades into silence, —
All footsteps retire.

No voice in the chambers,
No sound in the hall !
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all !

II.

The book is completed,
And closed, like the day ;

¹ The origin of this word is interesting, and the fifth line hints at it.

And the hand that has written it
Lays it away.

Dim grow its fancies ;
Forgotten they lie ;
Like coals in the ashes,
They darken and die.

Song sinks into silence,
The story is told,
The windows are darkened,
The hearth-stone is cold.

Darker and darker
The black shadows fall ;
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all.

THE POET AND HIS SONGS.

As the birds come in the Spring,
We know not from where ;
As the stars come at evening
From depths of the air ;

As the rain comes from the cloud,
And the brook from the ground ;
As suddenly, low or loud,
Out of silence a sound ;

As the grape comes to the vine,
The fruit to the tree ;
As the wind comes to the pine,
And the tide to the sea ;

As come the white sails of ships
O'er the ocean's verge ;
As comes the smile to the lips,
The foam to the surge ;

So come to the Poet his songs,
All hitherward blown
From the misty realm, that belongs
To the vast Unknown.

His, and not his, are the lays
He sings ; and their fame
Is his, and not his ; and the praise
And the pride of a name.

For voices pursue him by day,
And haunt him by night,
And he listens, and needs must obey,
When the Angel says, " Write ! " ¹

¹ This poem was written to close the last volume of verse published by Mr. Longfellow.

The Riverside Literature Series

**PAUL REVERE'S RIDE
AND OTHER POEMS**

WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES

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PAUL REVERE'S RIDE, AND OTHER POEMS.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.¹

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church ² tower as a signal light, —

¹ Mr. Longfellow imagined a party of friends met at a country inn, and telling tales before the fire. The first of these *Tales of a Wayside Inn* was by the landlord, and is this story of Paul Revere. Revere was an American patriot, a silversmith and engraver by trade, whose tea-pots and cream jugs and tankards may be found in old Boston families. He was a spirited man, and in the secrets of the Boston patriots.

² There has been some discussion as to the church tower from which the lanterns were hung, some claiming that the church was the old North Meeting-house in North Square, pulled down afterward for fuel, during the siege of Boston; but the evidence points more clearly to Christ Church, still standing, and often spoken of as the North Church. The poet has departed somewhat from the actual historic facts, since Revere did not watch

One, if by land, and two, if by sea ;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, " Good night ! " and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war ;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade, —

for the lights, nor did he reach Concord. In 1894, when April 19 was made a holiday in Massachusetts, under the name of Patriots' Day, there was an attempt at acting out the famous story of the ride.

By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay, —
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height

A glimmer, and then a gleam of light !
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns !

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet :
That was all ! And yet, through the gloom and the
light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night ;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides ;
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,

Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled, —
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere ;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm, —
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore !
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear

The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

THE BRIDGE.¹

I STOOD on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
Behind the dark church-tower.

I saw her bright reflection
In the waters under me,
Like a golden goblet falling
And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance
Of that lovely night in June,
The blaze of the flaming furnace
Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long, black rafters
The wavering shadows lay,
And the current that came from the ocean
Seemed to lift and bear them away ;

As, sweeping and eddying through them,
Rose the belated tide,
And, streaming into the moonlight,
The seaweed floated wide.

¹ The poem when first published was entitled *The Bridge over the Charles*, the river which separates Cambridge from Boston.

And like those waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, oh how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight
And gazed on that wave and sky !

How often, oh how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide !

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea ;
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro,
The young heart hot and restless,
And the old subdued and slow !

And forever and forever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes ;

The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here.

THE CUMBERLAND.

At anchor in Hampton Roads we lay,
On board of the Cumberland, sloop-of-war ;
And at times from the fortress across the bay
The alarum of drums swept past,
Or a bugle blast
From the camp on the shore.

Then far away to the south uprose
A little feather of snow-white smoke,
And we knew that the iron ship¹ of our foes

¹ The iron ship was the United States Frigate Merrimac, captured by the Confederates, plated with railroad iron, and renamed the Virginia, which on March 8, 1862, came out of Gosport to attack the Union vessels in Hampton Roads. The next day the Monitor ironclad came upon the scene, and the two ironclads engaged each other. The whole character of naval warfare was changed from that day.

Was steadily steering its course
To try the force
Of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily runs,
Silent and sullen, the floating fort ;
Then comes a puff of smoke from her guns,
And leaps the terrible death,
With fiery breath,
From each open port.

We are not idle, but send her straight
Defiance back in a full broadside !
As hail rebounds from a roof of slate,
Rebounds our heavier hail
From each iron scale
Of the monster's hide.

"Strike your flag !" the rebel cries,
In his arrogant old plantation strain.
"Never !" our gallant Morris replies ;
"It is better to sink than to yield !"
And the whole air pealed
With the cheers of our men.

Then, like a kraken huge and black,
She crushed our ribs in her iron grasp !
Down went the Cumberland all a wrack,
With a sudden shudder of death,
And the cannon's breath
For her dying gasp.

Next morn, as the sun rose over the bay,
Still floated our flag at the mainmast head.

Lord, how beautiful was Thy day !
Every waft of the air
Was a whisper of prayer,
Or a dirge for the dead.

Ho ! brave hearts that went down in the seas !
Ye are at peace in the troubled stream ;
Ho ! brave land ! with hearts like these,
Thy flag, that is rent in twain,
Shall be one again,
And without a seam !

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

I HEARD the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

Then from each black, accursed mouth
The cannon thundered in the South,¹
And with the sound
The carols drowned
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearth-stones of a continent,
And made forlorn
The households born
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

And in despair I bowed my head ;
“ There is no peace on earth,” I said ;
“ For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men ! ”

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep :
“ God is not dead ; nor doth he sleep !
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men ! ”

KILLED AT THE FORD.

HE is dead, the beautiful youth,
The heart of honor, the tongue of truth,
He, the life and light of us all,
Whose voice was blithe as a bugle-call,
Whom all eyes followed with one consent,
The cheer of whose laugh, and whose pleasant word,
Hushed all murmurs of discontent.

¹ This poem was written December 25, 1864.

Only last night, as we rode along,
Down the dark of the mountain gap,
To visit the picket-guard at the ford,
Little dreaming of any mishap,
He was humming the words of some old song :
"Two red roses he had on his cap
And another he bore at the point of his sword."

Sudden and swift a whistling ball
Came out of a wood, and the voice was still ;
Something I heard in the darkness fall,
And for a moment my blood grew chill ;
I spake in a whisper, as he who speaks
In a room where some one is lying dead ;
But he made no answer to what I said.

We lifted him up to his saddle again,
And through the mire and the mist and the rain
Carried him back to the silent camp,
And laid him as if asleep on his bed ;
And I saw by the light of the surgeon's lamp
Two white roses upon his cheeks,
And one, just over his heart, blood-red !

And I saw in a vision how far and fleet
That fatal bullet went speeding forth,
Till it reached a town in the distant North,
Till it reached a house in a sunny street,
Till it reached a heart that ceased to beat
Without a murmur, without a cry ;
And a bell was tolled, in that far-off town,
For one who had passed from cross to crown,
And the neighbors wondered that she should die.

IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY.

No hay pájaros en los nidos de antaño.¹

Spanish Proverb.

THE sun is bright, — the air is clear,
The darting swallows soar and sing,
And from the stately elms I hear
The bluebird prophesying Spring.

So blue yon winding river flows,
It seems an outlet from the sky,
Where, waiting till the west wind blows,
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

All things are new ; — the buds, the leaves,
That gild the elm-tree's nodding crest,
And even the nest beneath the eaves ; —
There are no birds in last year's nest !

All things rejoice in youth and love,
The fulness of their first delight !
And learn from the soft heavens above
The melting tenderness of night.

Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme,
Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay ;
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,
For oh, it is not always May !

Enjoy the Spring of Love and Youth,
To some good angel leave the rest ;

¹ The translation of this Spanish proverb will be found in the last line of the poem.

For Time will teach thee soon the truth,
There are no birds in last year's nest!

RAIN IN SUMMER.

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs!
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout!

Across the window-pane
It pours and pours;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain!

The sick man from his chamber looks
At the twisted brooks;
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool;
His fevered brain
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighboring school
Come the boys,

With more than their wonted noise
And commotion ;
And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets,
Till the treacherous pool
Ingulfs them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and the drier grain
How welcome is the rain !

In the furrowed land
The toilsome and patient oxen stand ;
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
And the vapors that arise
From the well-watered and smoking soil.
For this rest in the furrow after toil
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,
From under the sheltering trees,
The farmer sees
His pastures, and his fields of grain,
As they bend their tops
To the numberless beating drops

Of the incessant rain.
He counts it as no sin
That he sees therein
Only his own thrift and gain.

These, and far more than these,
The Poet sees !
He can behold
Aquarius old
Walking the fenceless fields of air ;
And from each ample fold
Of the clouds about him rolled
Scattering everywhere
The showery rain,
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold
Things manifold
That have not yet been wholly told, —
Have not been wholly sung nor said.
For his thought, that never stops,
Follows the water-drops
Down to the graves of the dead,
Down through chasms and gulfs profound,
To the dreary fountain-head
Of lakes and rivers under ground ;
And sees them, when the rain is done,
On the bridge of colors seven
Climbing up once more to heaven,
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Seer,
With vision clear,
Sees forms appear and disappear,

In the perpetual round of strange,
Mysterious change
From birth to death, from death to birth,
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth ;
Till glimpses more sublime
Of things unseen before,
Unto his wondering eyes reveal
The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel
Turning forevermore
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

MY LOST YOUTH.

OFTEN I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea ;¹
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.
And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still :
" A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

¹ During one of his visits to Portland in 1846, Mr. Longfellow relates how he took a long walk round Munjoy's hill and down to the old Fort Lawrence. " I lay down," he says, " in one of the embrasures and listened to the lashing, lulling sound of the sea just at my feet. It was a beautiful afternoon, and the harbor was full of white sails, coming and departing. Meditated a poem on the Old Fort." It does not appear that any poem was then written, but the theme remained, and in 1855, when in Cambridge, he notes in his diary, March 29 : " A day of pain ; cowering over the fire. At night, as I lie in bed, a poem comes into my mind, — a memory of Portland, — my native town, the city by the sea."

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
And catch, in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams.

And the burden of that old song,
It murmurs and whispers still :
" A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free ;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.

And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still :
" A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
And the fort upon the hill ;
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,
The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,
And the bugle wild and shrill.

And the music of that old song
Throbs in my memory still :
" A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the sea-fight ¹ far away,
How it thundered o'er the tide !

¹ In 1813, when Longfellow was a boy of six, there was an engagement off the harbor of Portland between the American

And the dead captains, as they lay
In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay
Where they in battle died.

And the sound of that mournful song
Goes through me with a thrill :

“ A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I can see the breezy dome of groves,
The shadows of Deering's Woods ;
And the friendships old and the early loves
Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves
In quiet neighborhoods.

And the verse of that sweet old song,
It flutters and murmurs still :

“ A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
Across the school-boy's brain ;
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in part
Are longings wild and vain.

And the voice of that fitful song
Sings on, and is never still :

“ A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

There are things of which I may not speak ;
There are dreams that cannot die ;

brig Enterprise and the English brig Boxer. Both captains were slain, but the Enterprise won the day and after a fight of three quarters of an hour came into the harbor, bringing the Boxer with her.

There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
And bring a pallor into the cheek,

And a mist before the eye.

And the words of that fatal song

Come over me like a chill :

“ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

Strange to me now are the forms I meet

When I visit the dear old town ;

But the native air is pure and sweet,

And the trees that o’ershadow each well-known street,

As they balance up and down,

Are singing the beautiful song,

Are sighing and whispering still :

“ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

And Deering’s Woods are fresh and fair,

And with joy that is almost pain

My heart goes back to wander there,

And among the dreams of the days that were,

I find my lost youth again.

And the strange and beautiful song,

The groves are repeating it still :

“ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

CHANGED.

FROM the outskirts of the town,¹
Where of old the mile-stone stood,
Now a stranger, looking down,
I behold the shadowy crown
Of the dark and haunted wood.

Is it changed, or am I changed?
Ah ! the oaks are fresh and green,
But the friends with whom I ranged
Through their thickets are estranged
By the years that intervene.

Bright as ever flows the sea,
Bright as ever shines the sun,
But alas ! they seem to me
Not the sun that used to be,
Not the tides that used to run.

THE HAPPIEST LAND.²

THERE sat one day in quiet,
By an alehouse on the Rhine,
Four hale and hearty fellows,
And drank the precious wine.

The landlord's daughter filled their cups,
Around the rustic board ;
Then sat they all so calm and still,
And spake not one rude word.

¹ It was a walk in Portland, the poet's old home, which suggested this poem.

² Translated from the German.

But when the maid departed,
A Swabian raised his hand,
And cried, all hot and flushed with wine,
"Long live the Swabian land !

"The greatest kingdom upon earth
Cannot with that compare ;
With all the stout and hardy men
And the nut-brown maidens there."

"Ha !" cried a Saxon, laughing,
And dashed his beard with wine ;
"I had rather live in Lapland,
Than that Swabian land of thine !

"The goodliest land on all this earth,
It is the Saxon land !
There have I as many maidens
As fingers on this hand ! "

"Hold your tongues ! both Swabian and Saxon ! "
A bold Bohemian cries ;
"If there 's a heaven upon this earth,
In Bohemia it lies.

"There the tailor blows the flute,
And the cobbler blows the horn,
And the miner blows the bugle,
Over mountain gorge and bourn."

.
And then the landlord's daughter
Up to heaven raised her hand,
And said, "Ye may no more contend,
There lies the happiest land ! "

THE EMPEROR'S BIRD'S-NEST.

ONCE the Emperor Charles of Spain,
With his swarthy, grave commanders,
I forget in what campaign,
Long besieged, in mud and rain,
Some old frontier town of Flanders.

Up and down the dreary camp,
In great boots of Spanish leather,
Striding with a measured tramp,
These Hidalgos, dull and damp,
Cursed the Frenchmen, cursed the weather.

Thus as to and fro they went,
Over upland and through hollow,
Giving their impatience vent,
Perched upon the Emperor's tent,
In her nest, they spied a swallow.

Yes, it was a swallow's nest,
Built of clay and hair of horses,
Mane, or tail, or dragon's crest,
Found on hedge-rows east and west,
After skirmish of the forces.

Then an old Hidalgo said,
As he twirled his gray mustachio,
"Sure this swallow overhead
Thinks the Emperor's tent a shed,
And the Emperor but a Macho!"¹

¹ Pronounced Mâchō. It signifies in Spanish a mule.

Hearing his imperial name
Coupled with those words of malice,
Half in anger, half in shame,
Forth the great campaigner came
Slowly from his canvas palace.

"Let no hand the bird molest,"
Said he solemnly, "nor hurt her!"
Adding then, by way of jest,
"Golondrina¹ is my guest,
'T is the wife of some deserter!"

Swift as bowstring speeds a shaft,
Through the camp was spread the rumor,
And the soldiers, as they quaffed
Flemish beer at dinner, laughed
At the Emperor's pleasant humor.

So unharmed and unafraid
Sat the swallow still and brooded,
Till the constant cannonade
Through the walls a breach had made,
And the siege was thus concluded.

Then the army, elsewhere bent,
Struck its tents as if disbanding,
Only not the Emperor's tent,
For he ordered, ere he went,
Very curtly, "Leave it standing!"

So it stood there all alone,
Loosely flapping, torn and tattered,

¹ The feminine form of golondrino, a swallow, and also a jocose name for a deserter.

Till the brood was fledged and flown,
Singing o'er those walls of stone
Which the cannon-shot had shattered.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.¹
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw;
And from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all, —
“Forever — never!
Never — forever!”

Half-way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass, —
“Forever — never!
Never — forever!”

By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say, at each chamber-door, —

¹ The house thus described was that now known as the Plunkett mansion in Pittsfield, once the home of Mrs. Longfellow's maternal grandfather. In the poet's own house in Cambridge there also stood a tall old clock on the stairs.

“Forever — never !
Never — forever !”

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe, —

“Forever — never !
Never — forever !”

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality ;
His great fires up the chimney roared ;
The stranger feasted at his board ;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased, —

“Forever — never !
Never — forever !”

There groups of merry children played,
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed ;
O precious hours ! O golden prime,
And affluence of love and time !
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told, —

“Forever — never !
Never — forever !”

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night ;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow ;

And in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair, —

“Forever — never !
Never — forever !”

All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead ;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
“Ah ! when shall they all meet again ?”
As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply, —
“Forever — never !
Never — forever !”

Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death, and time shall disappear, —
Forever there, but never here !
The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly, —
“Forever — never !
Never — forever !”

SONG OF THE BELL.¹

BELL ! thou soundest merrily,
When the bridal party
To the church doth hie !
Bell ! thou soundest solemnly,
When, on Sabbath morning, .
Fields deserted lie !

¹ Translation of a Swiss poem.

Bell ! thou soundest merrily ;
 Tellest thou at evening,
 Bed-time draweth nigh !
 Bell ! thou soundest mournfully,
 Tellest thou the bitter
 Parting hath gone by !

Say ! how canst thou mourn ?
 How canst thou rejoice ?
 Thou art but metal dull !
 And yet all our sorrowings,
 And all our rejoicings,
 Thou dost feel them all !

God hath wonders many,
 Which we cannot fathom,
 Placed within thy form !
 When the heart is sinking,
 Thou alone canst raise it,
 Trembling in the storm !

LADY WENTWORTH.¹

ONE hundred years ago, and something more,
 In Queen Street, Portsmouth, at her tavern door,
 Neat as a pin, and blooming as a rose,
 Stood Mistress Stavers in her furbelows,
 Just as her cuckoo-clock was striking nine.
 Above her head, resplendent on the sign,

¹ This is another of the *Tales of a Wayside Inn*. It is a poetical rendering of an actual fact.

The portrait of the Earl of Halifax,¹
In scarlet coat and periwig of flax,
Surveyed at leisure all her varied charms,
Her cap, her bodice, her white folded arms,
And half resolved, though he was past his prime,
And rather damaged by the lapse of time,
To fall down at her feet, and to declare
The passion that had driven him to despair.
For from his lofty station he had seen
Stavers, her husband, dressed in bottle-green,
Drive his new Flying Stage-coach, four in hand,
Down the long lane, and out into the land,
And knew that he was far upon the way
To Ipswich and to Boston on the Bay!²

Just then the meditations of the Earl
Were interrupted by a little girl,
Barefooted, ragged, with neglected hair,
Eyes full of laughter, neck and shoulders bare,
A thin slip of a girl, like a new moon,
Sure to be rounded into beauty soon,

¹ The inn bore the name of the Earl of Halifax. It was common before the Revolution to name taverns after the king or some notable, and the Earl of Halifax was a prominent English statesman, who had been prime minister of George I.

² Once a week the Flying Stage-coach was driven by John Stavers, the inn-keeper, from Portsmouth to Boston. "The carriage," says Mr. T. B. Aldrich in his pleasant book, *An Old Town by the Sea*, "was a two-horse curriele, wide enough to accommodate three passengers. The fare was thirteen shillings and sixpence sterling per head. The curriele was presently superseded by a series of fat yellow coaches, one of which — nearly a century later, and long after that pleasant mode of travel had fallen obsolete — was the cause of much mental tribulation to the writer of this chronicle." Readers of *The Story of a Bad Boy* will guess to what Mr. Aldrich refers.

A creature men would worship and adore,
Though now in mean habiliments she bore
A pail of water, dripping through the street,
And bathing, as she went, her naked feet.

It was a pretty picture, full of grace ; —
The slender form, the delicate, thin face ;
The swaying motion, as she hurried by ;
The shining feet, the laughter in her eye,
That o'er her face in ripples gleamed and glanced,
As in her pail the shifting sunbeam danced :
And with uncommon feelings of delight
The Earl of Halifax beheld the sight.
Not so Dame Stavers, for he heard her say
These words, or thought he did, as plain as day :
“ O Martha Hilton ! Fie ! how dare you go
About the town half dressed, and looking so ! ”
At which the gypsy laughed, and straight replied :
“ No matter how I look ; I yet shall ride
In my own chariot, ma'am.” And on the child
The Earl of Halifax benignly smiled,
As with her heavy burden she passed on,
Looked back, then turned the corner, and was gone.

What next, upon that memorable day,
Arrested his attention was a gay
And brilliant equipage, that flashed and spun,
The silver harness glittering in the sun,
Outriders with red jackets, lithe and lank,
Pounding the saddles as they rose and sank,
While all alone within the chariot sat
A portly person with three-cornered hat,
A crimson velvet coat, head high in air,
Gold-headed cane, and nicely powdered hair,

And diamond buckles sparkling at his knees,
Dignified, stately, florid, much at ease.
Onward the pageant swept, and as it passed,
Fair Mistress Stavers courtesied low and fast;
For this was Governor Wentworth¹ driving down
To Little Harbor, just beyond the town,
Where his Great House stood looking out to sea,
A goodly place, where it was good to be.

It was a pleasant mansion, an abode
Near and yet hidden from the great high-road,
Sequestered among trees, a noble pile,
Baronial and colonial in its style,
Gables and dormer-windows everywhere,
And stacks of chimneys rising high in air, —
Pandæan pipes, on which all winds that blew
Made mournful music the whole winter through.
Within, unwonted splendors met the eye,
Panels, and floors of oak, and tapestry ;
Carved chimney-pieces, where on brazen dogs
Revelled and roared the Christmas fires of logs ;
Doors opening into darkness unawares,
Mysterious passages, and flights of stairs ;
And on the walls, in heavy gilded frames,
The ancestral Wentworths with Old-Scripture names.²
Such was the mansion where the great man dwelt,
A widower and childless ; and he felt

¹ Governor Benning Wentworth of New Hampshire. His Great House at Little Harbor is still standing, about a mile and a half below Portsmouth, and at this writing (1894) is owned and occupied by a son-in-law of Parkman the historian.

² These family mementos were long ago removed, but something of the old-time dignity remains to the house. One may still see in the passageway outside the old council-chamber, racks for the twelve muskets of the governor's guard.

The loneliness, the uncongenial gloom,
That like a presence haunted every room ;
For though not given to weakness, he could feel
The pain of wounds, that ache because they heal.

The years came and the years went, — seven in all,
And passed in cloud and sunshine o'er the Hall ;
The dawns their splendor through its chambers shed,
The sunsets flushed its western windows red ;
The snow was on its roofs, the wind, the rain ;
Its woodlands were in leaf and bare again ;
Moons waxed and waned, the lilacs bloomed and died,
In the broad river ebbed and flowed the tide,
Ships went to sea, and ships came home from sea,
And the slow years sailed by and ceased to be.

And all these years had Martha Hilton served
In the Great House, not wholly unobserved :
By day, by night, the silver crescent grew,
Though hidden by clouds, her light still shining
through ;

A maid of all work, whether coarse or fine,
A servant who made service seem divine !¹
Through her each room was fair to look upon ;
The mirrors glistened, and the brasses shone,
The very knocker on the outer door,
If she but passed, was brighter than before.

And now the ceaseless turning of the mill
Of time, that never for an hour stands still,

¹ George Herbert, the poet, has a verse in one of his poems which reads

“ A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine ;
Who sweeps a room as by Thy laws
Makes that and th' action fine.”

Ground out the Governor's sixtieth birthday,¹
And powdered his brown hair with silver-gray.
The robin, the forerunner of the spring,
The bluebird with his jocund carolling,
The restless swallows building in the eaves,
The golden buttercups, the grass, the leaves,
The lilacs tossing in the winds of May,
All welcomed this majestic holiday !
He gave a splendid banquet, served on plate,
Such as became the Governor of the State,
Who represented England and the King,
And was magnificent in everything.
He had invited all his friends and peers, —
The Pepperels, the Langdons, and the Lears,
The Sparhawks, the Penhallows,² and the rest ;
For why repeat the name of every guest ?
But I must mention one in bands and gown,
The rector there, the Reverend Arthur Brown
Of the Established Church ; with smiling face
He sat beside the Governor and said grace ;
And then the feast went on, as others do,
But ended as none other I e'er knew.

When they had drunk the King, with many a cheer,
The Governor whispered in a servant's ear,
Who disappeared, and presently there stood
Within the room, in perfect womanhood,
A maiden, modest and yet self-possessed,
Youthful and beautiful, and simply dressed.
Can this be Martha Hilton ? It must be !
Yes, Martha Hilton, and no other she !

¹ In point of fact, Governor Wentworth was born July 24, 1696, and his marriage was on March 15, 1730.

² All Portsmouth names.

Dowered with the beauty of her twenty years,
How ladylike, how queenlike she appears ;
The pale, thin crescent of the days gone by
Is Dian now in all her majesty !
Yet scarce a guest perceived that she was there,
Until the Governor, rising from his chair,
Played slightly with his ruffles, then looked down,
And said unto the Reverend Arthur Brown :
" This is my birthday : it shall likewise be
My wedding-day ; and you shall marry me ! "

The listening guests were greatly mystified,
None more so than the rector, who replied :
" Marry you ? Yes, that were a pleasant task,
Your Excellency ; but to whom ? I ask."
The Governor answered : " To this lady here ;"
And beckoned Martha Hilton to draw near.
She came and stood, all blushes, at his side.
The rector paused. The impatient Governor cried :
" This is the lady ; do you hesitate ?
Then I command you as Chief Magistrate."
The rector read the service loud and clear :
" Dearly beloved, we are gathered here,"
And so on to the end. At his command
On the fourth finger of her fair left hand
The Governor placed the ring ; and that was all :
Martha was Lady Wentworth of the Hall !

MAD RIVER.

IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

TRAVELLER.

WHY dost thou wildly rush and roar,
Mad River, O Mad River?¹
Wilt thou not pause and cease to pour
Thy hurrying, headlong waters o'er
This rocky shelf forever?

What secret trouble stirs thy breast?
Why all this fret and flurry?
Dost thou not know that what is best
In this too restless world is rest
From over-work and worry?

THE RIVER.

What wouldst thou in these mountains seek,
O stranger from the city?
Is it perhaps some foolish freak
Of thine, to put the words I speak
Into a plaintive ditty?

TRAVELLER.

Yes; I would learn of thee thy song,
With all its flowing numbers,
And in a voice as fresh and strong
As thine is, sing it all day long,
And hear it in my slumbers.

¹ There are doubtless more rivers than one of this name in the White Mountains, but there is one, at least, about which the poem might have been written, issuing from the woods behind Waterville, and flowing into the Pemigewasset.

THE RIVER.

A brooklet nameless and unknown
Was I at first, resembling
A little child, that all alone
Comes venturing down the stairs of stone,
Irresolute and trembling.

Later, by wayward fancies led,
For the wide world I panted ;
Out of the forest, dark and dread,
Across the open fields I fled,
Like one pursued and haunted.

I tossed my arms, I sang aloud,
My voice exultant blending
With thunder from the passing cloud,
The wind, the forest bent and bowed,
The rush of rain descending.

I heard the distant ocean call,
Imploring and entreating ;
Drawn onward, o'er this rocky wall
I plunged, and the loud waterfall
Made answer to the greeting.

And now, beset with many ills,
A toilsome life I follow ;
Compelled to carry from the hills
These logs to the impatient mills
Below there in the hollow.

Yet something ever cheers and charms
The rudeness of my labors ;
Daily I water with these arms

The cattle of a hundred farms,
And have the birds for neighbors.

Men call me Mad, and well they may,
When, full of rage and trouble,
I burst my banks of sand and clay,
And sweep their wooden bridge away,
Like withered reeds or stubble.

Now go and write thy little rhyme,
As of thine own creating.
Thou seest the day is past its prime ;
I can no longer waste my time ;
The mills are tired of waiting.

THE BUILDERS.

ALL are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time ;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low ;
Each thing in its place is best ;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled ;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these ;
Leave no yawning gaps between ;

Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part ;
For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen ;
Make the house, where Gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base ;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

ANNIE OF THARAW.¹

ANNIE of Tharaw, my true love of old,
She is my life, and my goods, and my gold.

¹ Translated from the German of Simon Dach.

Annie of Tharaw her heart once again
To me has surrendered in joy and in pain.

Annie of Tharaw, my riches, my good,
Thou, O my soul, my flesh, and my blood !

Then come the wild weather, come sleet or come snow,
We will stand by each other, however it blow.

Oppression, and sickness, and sorrow, and pain
Shall be to our true love as links to the chain.

As the palm-tree standeth so straight and so tall,
The more the hail beats, and the more the rains fall, —

So love in our hearts shall grow mighty and strong,
Through crosses, through sorrows, through manifold
wrong.

Shouldst thou be torn from me to wander alone
In a desolate land where the sun is scarce known, —

Through forests I 'll follow, and where the sea flows,
Through ice, and through iron, through armies of foes.

Annie of Tharaw, my light and my sun,
The threads of our two lives are woven in one.

Whate'er I have bidden thee thou hast obeyed,
Whatever forbidden thou hast not gainsaid.

How in the turmoil of life can love stand,
Where there is not one heart, and one mouth, and one
hand ?

Some seek for dissension, and trouble, and strife ;
Like a dog and a cat live such man and wife.

Annie of Tharaw, such is not our love ;
Thou art my lambkin, my chick, and my dove.

Whate'er my desire is, in thine may be seen ;
I am king of the household, and thou art its queen.

It is this, O my Annie, my heart's sweetest rest,
That makes of us twain but one soul in one breast.

This turns to a heaven the hut where we dwell ;
While wrangling soon changes a home to a hell.

THE BELL OF ATRI.¹

AT Atri in Abruzzo,² a small town
Of ancient Roman date, but scant renown,
One of those little places that have run
Half up the hill, beneath a blazing sun,
And then sat down to rest, as if to say,
"I climb no farther upward, come what may," —
The Re Giovanni,³ now unknown to fame,
So many monarchs since have borne the name,
Had a great bell hung in the market-place,
Beneath a roof, projecting some small space
By way of shelter from the sun and rain.
Then rode he through the streets with all his train,

¹ One of the *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, supposed to be told by a Sicilian in the party.

² Pronounced *Ah brüt'sō*.

³ Pronounced *Rā Gēōvan'ni*; the translation will be found in the 18th line of the poem.

And, with the blast of trumpets loud and long,
Made proclamation, that whenever wrong
Was done to any man, he should but ring
The great bell in the square, and he, the King,
Would cause the Syndic to decide thereon.
Such was the proclamation of King John.

How swift the happy days in Atri sped,
What wrongs were righted, need not here be said.
Suffice it that, as all things must decay,
The hempen rope at length was worn away,
Unravell'd at the end, and, strand by strand,
Loosened and wasted in the ringer's hand,
Till one, who noted this in passing by,
Mended the rope with braids of briony,
So that the leaves and tendrils of the vine
Hung like a votive garland at a shrine.

By chance it happened that in Atri dwelt
A knight, with spur on heel and sword in belt,
Who loved to hunt the wild-boar in the woods,
Who loved his falcons with their crimson hoods,
Who loved his hounds and horses, and all sports
And prodigalities of camps and courts ; —
Loved, or had loved them ; for at last, grown old,
His only passion was the love of gold.

He sold his horses, sold his hawks and hounds,
Rented his vineyards and his garden-grounds,
Kept but one steed, his favorite steed of all,
To starve and shiver in a naked stall,
And day by day sat brooding in his chair,
Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.

At length he said : " What is the use or need
To keep at my own cost this lazy steed,
Eating his head off in my stables here,
When rents are low and provender is dear?
Let him go feed upon the public ways ;
I want him only for the holidays."
So the old steed was turned into the heat
Of the long, lonely, silent, shadeless street ;
And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn,
Barked at by dogs, and torn by brier and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime
It is the custom in the summer time,
With bolted doors and window-shutters closed,
The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed ;
When suddenly upon their senses fell
The loud alarum of the accusing bell !
The Syndic started from his deep repose,
Turned on his couch, and listened, and then rose
And donned his robes, and with reluctant pace
Went panting forth into the market-place,
Where the great bell upon its cross-beams swung,
Reiterating with persistent tongue,
In half-articulate jargon, the old song :
" Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a wrong ! "

But ere he reached the belfry's light arcade
He saw or thought he saw, beneath its shade,
No shape of human form of woman born,
But a poor steed dejected and forlorn,
Who with uplifted head and eager eye
Was tugging at the vines of briony.
" Domeneddio ! " ¹ cried the Syndic straight,

¹ An Italian exclamation which may be translated, Good Lord !

“ This is the Knight of Atri’s steed of state !
He calls for justice, being sore distressed,
And pleads his cause as loudly as the best.”

Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy crowd
Had rolled together like a summer cloud,
And told the story of the wretched beast
In five-and-twenty different ways at least,
With much gesticulation and appeal
To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal.
The Knight was called and questioned ; in reply
Did not confess the fact, did not deny ;
Treated the matter as a pleasant jest,
And set at naught the Syndic and the rest,
Maintaining, in an angry undertone,
That he should do what pleased him with his own.

And thereupon the Syndic gravely read
The proclamation of the King ; then said :
“ Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,
But cometh back on foot, and begs its way ;
Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds,
Of flowers of chivalry and not of weeds !
These are familiar proverbs ; but I fear
They never yet have reached your knightly ear.
What fair renown, what honor, what repute
Can come to you from starving this poor brute ?
He who serves well and speaks not, merits more
Than they who clamor loudest at the door.
Therefore the law decrees that as this steed
Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed
To comfort his old age, and to provide
Shelter in stall, and food and field beside.”

The Knight withdrew abashed ; the people all
Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.
The King heard and approved, and laughed in glee,
And cried aloud : " Right well it pleaseth me !
Church-bells at best but ring us to the door ;
But go not in to mass ; my bell doth more :
It cometh into court and pleads the cause
Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws ;
And this shall make, in every Christian clime,
The Bell of Atri famous for all time."

THE BROOK AND THE WAVE.

THE brooklet came from the mountain,
As sang the bard of old,
Running with feet of silver
Over the sands of gold !

Far away in the briny ocean
There rolled a turbulent wave,
Now singing along the sea-beach,
Now howling along the cave.

And the brooklet has found the billow,
Though they flowed so far apart,
And has filled with its freshness and sweetness
That turbulent, bitter heart !

THE RETURN OF SPRING.¹

Now Time throws off his cloak again
Of ermined frost, and wind, and rain,

¹ Translated from the French of Charles d'Orléans.

And clothes him in the embroidery
Of glittering sun and clear blue sky.
With beast and bird the forest rings,
Each in his jargon cries or sings ;
And Time throws off his cloak again
Of ermined frost, and wind, and rain.

River, and fount, and tinkling brook
Wear in their dainty livery
Drops of silver jewelry ;
In new-made suit they merry look ;
And Time throws off his cloak again
Of ermined frost, and wind, and rain.

THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

I HAVE read, in some old, marvellous tale,
Some legend strange and vague,
That a midnight host of spectres pale
Beleaguered the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,
With the wan moon overhead,
There stood, as in an awful dream,
The army of the dead.

White as a sea-fog, landward bound,
The spectral camp was seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
The river flowed between.

No other voice nor sound was there,
No drum, nor sentry's pace ;

The mist-like banners clasped the air
As clouds with clouds embrace.

But when the old cathedral bell
Proclaimed the morning prayer,
The white pavilions rose and fell
On the alarmèd air.

Down the broad valley fast and far
The troubled army fled ;
Up rose the glorious morning star,
The ghastly host was dead.

I have read, in the marvellous heart of man,
That strange and mystic scroll,
That an army of phantoms vast and wan
Beleaguer the human soul.

Encamped beside Life's rushing stream,
In Fancy's misty light,
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam
Portentous through the night.

Upon its midnight battle-ground
The spectral camp is seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
Flows the River of Life between.

No other voice nor sound is there,
In the army of the grave ;
No other challenge breaks the air,
But the rushing of Life's wave.

And when the solemn and deep church-bell
Entreats the soul to pray,

The midnight phantoms feel the spell,
The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad Vale of Tears afar
The spectral camp is fled ;
Faith shineth as a morning star,
Our ghastly fears are dead.

GASPAR BECERRA.¹

By his evening fire the artist
Pondered o'er his secret shame ;
Baffled, weary, and disheartened,
Still he mused, and dreamed of fame.

'T was an image of the Virgin
That had tasked his utmost skill ;
But, alas ! his fair ideal
Vanished and escaped him still.

From a distant Eastern island
Had the precious wood been brought ;
Day and night the anxious master
At his toil untiring wrought ;

Till, discouraged and desponding,
Sat he now in shadows deep,
And the day's humiliation
Found oblivion in sleep.

Then a voice cried, " Rise, O master !
From the burning brand of oak

¹ Pronounced Becherra.

Shape the thought that stirs within thee ! " —
And the startled artist woke, —

Woke, and from the smoking embers
Seized and quenched the glowing wood ;
And therefrom he carved an image,
And he saw that it was good.

O thou sculptor, painter, poet !
Take this lesson to thy heart :
That is best which lieth nearest ;
Shape from that thy work of art.

TO THE RIVER CHARLES.

RIVER! that in silence windest
Through the meadows, bright and free,
Till at length thy rest thou findest
In the bosom of the sea !

Four long years of mingled feeling,
Half in rest, and half in strife,
I have seen thy waters stealing
Onward, like the stream of life.¹

Thou hast taught me, Silent River !
Many a lesson, deep and long ;
Thou hast been a generous giver ;
I can give thee but a song.

Oft in sadness and in illness,
I have watched thy current glide,

¹ The river Charles flows in view of the mansion in Cambridge which Mr. Longfellow began to occupy in the summer of 1837.

Till the beauty of its stillness
Overflowed me, like a tide.

And in better hours and brighter,
When I saw thy waters gleam,
I have felt my heart beat lighter,
And leap onward with thy stream.

Not for this alone I love thee,
Nor because thy waves of blue
From celestial seas above thee
Take their own celestial hue.

Where yon shadowy woodlands hide thee,
And thy waters disappear,
Friends I love have dwelt beside thee,
And have made thy margin dear.

More than this ; — thy name reminds me
Of three friends,¹ all true and tried ;
And that name, like magic, binds me
Closer, closer to thy side.

Friends my soul with joy remembers !
How like quivering flames they start,
When I fan the living embers
On the hearthstone of my heart !

'T is for this, thou Silent River !
That my spirit leans to thee ;
Thou hast been a generous giver,
Take this idle song from me.

¹ The three friends hinted at were Charles Sumner, Charles Folsom, and Charles Amory.

THREE FRIENDS OF MINE.¹

I

WHEN I remember them, those friends of mine,
Who are no longer here, the noble three,
Who half my life were more than friends to me,
And whose discourse was like a generous wine,
I most of all remember the divine
Something, that shone in them, and made us see
The archetypal man, and what might be
The amplitude of Nature's first design.
In vain I stretch my hands to clasp their hands;
I cannot find them. Nothing now is left
But a majestic memory. They meanwhile
Wander together in Elysian lands,
Perchance remembering me, who am bereft
Of their dear presence, and, remembering, smile.

II

In Attica thy birthplace should have been,
Or the Ionian Isles, or where the seas
Encircle in their arms the Cyclades,²
So wholly Greek wast thou in thy serene
And childlike joy of life, O Philhellene!³
Around thee would have swarmed the Attic bees;
Homer had been thy friend, or Socrates,
And Plato welcomed thee to his demesne.

¹ These sonnets have to do with Cornelius Conway Felton, once Professor of Greek, afterward President of Harvard College, Louis Agassiz and Charles Sumner. The second and third sonnets were written at Nahant, where both Longfellow and Agassiz had cottages.

² Pronounced Sik'la-dēs

³ That is, a lover of Hellas, or Greece.

For thee old legends breathed historic breath;
Thou sawest Poseidon in the purple sea,
And in the sunset Jason's fleece of gold!
Oh, what hadst thou to do with cruel Death,
Who wast so full of life, or Death with thee,
That thou shouldst die before thou hadst grown old!

III

I stand again on the familiar shore,
And hear the waves of the distracted sea
Piteously calling and lamenting thee,
And waiting restless at thy cottage door.
The rocks, the seaweed on the ocean floor,
The willows in the meadow, and the free
Wild winds of the Atlantic welcome me;
Then why shouldst thou be dead, and come no more?
Ah, why shouldst thou be dead, when common men
Are busy with their trivial affairs,
Having and holding? Why, when thou hadst read
Nature's mysterious manuscript, and then
Wast ready to reveal the truth it bears,
Why art thou silent? Why shouldst thou be dead?

IV

River, that stealest with such silent pace
Around the City of the Dead,¹ where lies
A friend who bore thy name, and whom these eyes
Shall see no more in his accustomed place,
Linger and fold him in thy soft embrace,
And say good night, for now the western skies
Are red with sunset, and gray mists arise
Like damps that gather on a dead man's face.
Good night! good night! as we so oft have said
Beneath this roof at midnight, in the days

¹ Mount Auburn Cemetery lies near the river bank.

That are no more, and shall no more return.
Thou hast but taken thy lamp and gone to bed ;
I stay a little longer, as one stays
To cover up the embers that still burn.

V

The doors are all wide open ; at the gate
The blossomed lilacs counterfeit a blaze,
And seem to warm the air ; a dreamy haze
Hangs o'er the Brighton meadows like a fate,
And on their margin, with sea-tides elate,
The flooded Charles, as in the happier days,
Writes the last letter of his name, and stays
His restless steps, as if compelled to wait.
I also wait ; but they will come no more,
Those friends of mine, whose presence satisfied
The thirst and hunger of my heart. Ah me !
They have forgotten the pathway to my door !
Something is gone from nature since they died,
And summer is not summer, nor can be.

CHARLES SUMNER.

GARLANDS upon his grave
And flowers upon his hearse,
And to the tender heart and brave
The tribute of this verse.

His was the troubled life,
The conflict and the pain,
The grief, the bitterness of strife,
The honor without stain.

Like Winkelried,¹ he took
Into his manly breast
The sheaf of hostile spears, and broke
A path for the oppressed.

Then from the fatal field
Upon a nation's heart
Borne like a warrior on his shield ! —
So should the brave depart.

Death takes us by surprise,
And stays our hurrying feet ;
The great design unfinished lies,
Our lives are incomplete.

But in the dark unknown
Perfect their circles seem,
Even as a bridge's arch of stone
Is rounded in the stream.

Alike are life and death,
When life in death survives,
And the uninterrupted breath
Inspires a thousand lives.

Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light,

¹ Arnold of Winkelried, a Swiss hero, who, as the story runs, when the Austrians four thousand strong met the Swiss, fifteen hundred in number, rushed forward, grasped with outstretched arms as many Austrian pikes as he could reach, buried them in his own body and so fell forward to the earth. His companions threw themselves into the breach thus made and so won the day. The battle took place at Sempach in Switzerland, July 9, 1386, and its anniversary is still kept.

Still travelling downward from the sky,
Shine on our mortal sight.

So when a great man dies,¹
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.

OLIVER BASSELIN.

IN the Valley of the Vire ²
Still is seen an ancient mill,
With its gables quaint and queer,
And beneath the window-sill,
On the stone,
These words alone :
" Oliver Basselin lived here."

Far above it, on the steep,
Ruined stands the old Château ;
Nothing but the donjon-keep
Left for shelter or for show.
Its vacant eyes
Stare at the skies,
Stare at the valley green and deep.

Once a convent, old and brown,
Looked, but ah ! it looks no more,
From the neighboring hillside down
On the rushing and the roar
Of the stream

¹ Sumner died March 11, 1874.

² The pronunciation will be seen by the rhyme.

Whose sunny gleam
Cheers the little Norman town.

In that darksome mill of stone,
To the water's dash and din,
Careless, humble, and unknown,
Sang the poet Basselin
Songs that fill
That ancient mill
With a splendor of its own.

Never feeling of unrest
Broke the pleasant dream he dreamed ;
Only made to be his nest,
All the lovely valley seemed ;
No desire
Of soaring higher
Stirred or fluttered in his breast.

True, his songs were not divine ;
Were not songs of that high art,
Which, as winds do in the pine,
Find an answer in each heart ;
But the mirth
Of this green earth
Laughed and revelled in his line.

From the alehouse and the inn,
Opening on the narrow street,
Came the loud, convivial din,
Singing and applause of feet,
The laughing lays

That in those days
Sang the poet Basselin.¹

In the castle, cased in steel,
Knights, who fought at Agincourt,
Watched and waited, spur on heel;
But the poet sang for sport
Songs that rang
Another clang,
Songs that lowlier hearts could feel.

NUREMBERG.

IN the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad
meadow-lands
Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg, the
ancient, stands.

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of
art and song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks
that round them throng:

Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors,
rough and bold,
Had their dwelling in thy castle, time-defying, centu-
ries old;

And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted, in their
uncouth rhyme,

¹ Basselin called his light, gay songs, Songs of Vaux de Vire, that is, songs of the valleys of Vire, and the phrase became corrupted into the modern Vaudeville.

That their great imperial city stretched its hand
through every clime.¹

In the court-yard of the castle, bound with many an
iron band,
Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen Cuni-
gunde's hand ;

On the square the oriel window, where in old heroic
days
Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's
praise.²

Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world
of Art :
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in
the common mart ;

And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops
carved in stone,
By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.

In the church of sainted Sebald³ sleeps enshrined his
holy dust,

¹ An old popular proverb of the town may be translated

Nuremberg's Hand
Goes through every land.

² Melchior Pfünzing was a German poet of the sixteenth century, and the Emperor (Kaiser in German) Maximilian was the hero of one of his best known poems.

³ "The tomb of St. Sebald, in the church which bears his name, is one of the richest works of art in Nuremberg. It is of bronze, and was cast by Peter Vischer and his sons, who labored upon it thirteen years. It is adorned with nearly one hundred figures, among which, those of the Twelve Apostles are conspicuous for size and beauty." H. W. Longfellow.

And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from age to age their trust ;

In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare,
Like the foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through the painted air.

Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart,
Lived and labored Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art ;¹

Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.

*Emigravit*² is the inscription on the tomb-stone where he lies ;
Dead he is not, but departed, — for the artist never dies.

Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair,
That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed its air !

¹ The father of wood-engraving.

² That is, he went away from his country.

THE BELLS OF SAN BLAS.¹

WHAT say the Bells of San Blas
To the ships that southward pass
 From the harbor of Mazatlan?
To them it is nothing more
Than the sound of surf on the shore, —
 Nothing more to master or man.

But to me, a dreamer of dreams,
To whom what is and what seems
 Are often one and the same, —
The Bells of San Blas to me
Have a strange, wild melody,
 And are something more than a name.

For bells are the voice of the church ;
They have tones that touch and search
 The hearts of young and old ;
One sound to all, yet each
Lends a meaning to their speech,
 And the meaning is manifold.

They are a voice of the Past,
Of an age that is fading fast,
 Of a power austere and grand ;
When the flag of Spain unfurled
Its folds o'er this western world,
 And the Priest was lord of the land.

¹ The last poem written by Mr. Longfellow. The last verse but one is dated March 12, 1882. The final verse was added March 15. Mr. Longfellow died March 24. The poem was suggested by an article, *Typical Journeys and Country Life in Mexico*, by W. H. Bishop, in *Harper's Magazine*, March, 1882, which the poet had just read.

The chapel that once looked down
On the little seaport town
Has crumbled into the dust ;
And on oaken beams below
The bells swing to and fro,
And are green with mould and rust.

“ Is, then, the old faith dead,”
They say, “ and in its stead
Is some new faith proclaimed,
That we are forced to remain
Naked to sun and rain,
Unsheltered and ashamed ?

“ Once in our tower aloof
We rang over wall and roof
Our warnings and our complaints ;
And round about us there
The white doves filled the air,
Like the white souls of the saints.

“ The saints ! Ah, have they grown
Forgetful of their own ?
Are they asleep, or dead,
That open to the sky
Their ruined Missions lie,
No longer tenanted ?

“ Oh, bring us back once more
The vanished days of yore,
When the world with faith was filled ;
Bring back the fervid zeal,
The hearts of fire and steel,
The hands that believe and build.

“Then from our tower again
We will send over land and main
Our voices of command,
Like exiled kings who return
To their thrones, and the people learn
That the Priest is lord of the land ! ”

O Bells of San Blas, in vain
Ye call back the Past again !
The Past is deaf to your prayer ;
Out of the shadows of night
The world rolls into light ;
It is daybreak everywhere.

THE GOLDEN MILE-STONE.¹

LEAFLESS are the trees ; their purple branches
Spread themselves abroad, like reefs of coral,
Rising silent
In the Red Sea of the winter sunset.

From the hundred chimneys of the village,
Like the Afreet in the Arabian story,
Smoky columns
Tower aloft into the air of amber.

At the window winks the flickering firelight ;
Here and there the lamps of evening glimmer,
Social watch-fires
Answering one another through the darkness.

¹ Mr. Longfellow wrote in his diary, under date of December 20, 1854 :—

“The weather is ever so cold. The landscape looks dreary ; but the sunset and twilight are resplendent. Sketch out a poem, *The Golden Mile-Stone.*”

On the hearth the lighted logs are glowing,
And like Ariel¹ in the cloven pine-tree
 For its freedom
Groans and sighs the air imprisoned in them.

By the fireside there are old men seated,
Seeing ruined cities in the ashes,
 Asking sadly
Of the Past what it can ne'er restore them.

By the fireside there are youthful dreamers,
Building castles fair, with stately stairways,
 Asking blindly
Of the Future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside tragedies are acted
In whose scenes appear two actors only,
 Wife and husband,
And above them God the sole spectator.

By the fireside there are peace and comfort,
Wives, and children, with fair, thoughtful faces,
 Waiting, watching
For a well-known footstep in the passage.

Each man's chimney is his Golden Mile-Stone ;²
Is the central point, from which he measures
 Every distance
Through the gateways of the world around him.

¹ See Shakespeare's *The Tempest*.

² A stone column was set up by the Romans to mark each mile on their great military roads, and in the Forum in Rome, as at the centre of the Empire, the Emperor Augustus erected a gilt bronze column. The base of the column is preserved.

In his farthest wanderings still he sees it ;
Hears the talking flame, the answering night-wind,
 As he heard them
When he sat with those who were, but are not.

Happy he whom neither wealth nor fashion,
Nor the march of the encroaching city,
 Drives an exile
From the hearth of his ancestral homestead.

We may build more splendid habitations,
Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures,
 But we cannot
Buy with gold the old associations !

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH.¹

It was the season, when through all the land
 The merle and mavis build, and building sing
Those lovely lyrics, written by His hand,
 Whom Saxon Cædmon ² calls the Blithe-heart King ;
When on the boughs the purple buds expand,
 The banners of the vanguard of the Spring,
And rivulets, rejoicing, rush and leap,
And wave their fluttering signals from the steep.

The robin and the bluebird, piping loud,
 Filled all the blossoming orchards with their glee ;

¹ One of the *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, supposed to be told by the Poet of the company. Killingworth in Connecticut was named from the English town Kenilworth, but both in England and in Connecticut the name became changed into Killingworth in popular usage, and here that name has become the regular name of the town.

² Pronounced Kedmon.

The sparrows chirped as if they still were proud

Their race in Holy Writ should mentioned be ;¹
And hungry crows, assembled in a crowd,

Clamored their piteous prayer incessantly,
Knowing who hears the ravens cry, and said :
“ Give us, O Lord, this day, our daily bread !

Across the Sound the birds of passage sailed,

Speaking some unknown language strange and sweet
Of tropic isle remote, and passing hailed

The village with the cheers of all their fleet ;
Or quarrelling together, laughed and railed

Like foreign sailors, landed in the street
Of seaport town, and with outlandish noise
Of oaths and gibberish frightening girls and boys.

Thus came the jocund Spring in Killingworth,

In fabulous days, some hundred years ago ;
And thrifty farmers, as they tilled the earth,

Heard with alarm the cawing of the crow,
That mingled with the universal mirth,

Cassandra-like, prognosticating woe ;
They shook their heads, and doomed with dreadful
words

To swift destruction the whole race of birds.

And a town-meeting was convened straightway

To set a price upon the guilty heads
Of these marauders, who, in lieu of pay,

Levied black-mail upon the garden beds
And cornfields, and beheld without dismay

The awful scarecrow, with his fluttering shreds ;

¹ See the Gospel of Matthew, x. 29-31.

The skeleton that waited at their feast,¹
Whereby their sinful pleasure was increased.

Then from his house, a temple painted white,
With fluted columns, and a roof of red,
The Squire came forth, august and splendid sight!
Slowly descending, with majestic tread,
Three flights of steps, nor looking left nor right,
Down the long street he walked, as one who said,
"A town that boasts inhabitants like me
Can have no lack of good society!"

The Parson, too, appeared, a man austere,
The instinct of whose nature was to kill;
The wrath of God he preached from year to year,
And read, with fervor, Edwards on the Will;²
His favorite pastime was to slay the deer
In Summer on some Adirondac hill;
E'en now, while walking down the rural lane,
He lopped the wayside lilies with his cane.

From the Academy, whose belfry crowned
The hill of Science with its vane of brass,
Came the Preceptor, gazing idly round,
Now at the clouds, and now at the green grass,
And all absorbed in reveries profound
Of fair Almira in the upper class,
Who was, as in a sonnet he had said,
As pure as water, and as good as bread.

¹ There is an old story that the Egyptians used to set up an image of a dead man at their feasts, to remind the guests of the saying, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

² Jonathan Edwards was a famous New England divine who lived in the former half of the eighteenth century, and wrote a great book on *The Freedom of the Will*.

And next the Deacon issued from his door,
In his voluminous neck-cloth, white as snow ;
A suit of sable bombazine he wore ;
His form was ponderous, and his step was slow ;
There never was so wise a man before ;
He seemed the incarnate " Well, I told you so ! "
And to perpetuate his great renown
There was a street named after him in town.

These came together in the new town-hall,
With sundry farmers from the region round.
The Squire presided, dignified and tall,
His air impressive and his reasoning sound ;
Ill fared it with the birds, both great and small ;
Hardly a friend in all that crowd they found,
But enemies enough, who every one
Charged them with all the crimes beneath the sun.

When they had ended, from his place apart
Rose the Preceptor, to redress the wrong,
And, trembling like a steed before the start,
Looked round bewildered on the expectant throng ;
Then thought of fair Almira, and took heart
To speak out what was in him, clear and strong,
Alike regardless of their smile or frown,
And quite determined not to be laughed down.

" Plato, anticipating the Reviewers,
From his Republic banished without pity
The Poets ; in this little town of yours,
You put to death, by means of a Committee,
The ballad-singers and the Troubadours,
The street-musicians of the heavenly city,
The birds, who make sweet music for us all
In our dark hours, as David did for Saul.

“ The thrush that carols at the dawn of day
From the green steeples of the piny wood ;
The oriole in the elm ; the noisy jay,
Jargoning like a foreigner at his food ;
The bluebird balanced on some topmost spray,
Flooding with melody the neighborhood ;
Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng
That dwell in nests, and have the gift of song.

“ You slay them all ! and wherefore ? for the gain
Of a scant handful more or less of wheat,
Or rye, or barley, or some other grain,
Scratched up at random by industrious feet,
Searching for worm or weevil after rain !
Or a few cherries, that are not so sweet
As are the songs these uninvited guests
Sing at their feast with comfortable breasts.

“ Do you ne’er think what wondrous beings these ?
Do you ne’er think who made them, and who taught
The dialect they speak, where melodies
Alone are the interpreters of thought ?
Whose household words are songs in many keys,
Sweeter than instrument of man e’er caught !
Whose habitations in the tree-tops even
Are half-way houses on the road to heaven !

“ Think, every morning when the sun peeps through
The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,
How jubilant the happy birds renew
Their old, melodious madrigals of love !¹
And when you think of this, remember too

¹ Marlowe, an English poet of Shakespeare’s time, has a line —

“ Melodious birds sing madrigals.”

'T is always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

“Think of your woods and orchards without birds !

Of empty nests that cling to boughs and beams
As in an idiot's brain remembered words

Hang empty 'mid the cobwebs of his dreams !
Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of herds

Make up for the lost music, when your teams
Drag home the stingy harvest, and no more
The feathered gleaners follow to your door ?

“What ! would you rather see the incessant stir

Of insects in the windrows of the hay,
And hear the locust and the grasshopper

Their melancholy hurdy-gurdies play ?
Is this more pleasant to you than the whir

Of meadow-lark, and her sweet roundelay,
Or twitter of little field-fares, as you take
Your nooning in the shade of bush and brake ?

“You call them thieves and pillagers ; but know,

They are the winged wardens of your farms,
Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe,
And from your harvests keep a hundred harms ;
Even the blackest of them all, the crow,

Renders good service as your man-at-arms,
Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,
And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

“How can I teach your children gentleness,

And mercy to the weak, and reverence
For Life, which, in its weakness or excess,

Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence,
Or Death, which, seeming darkness, is no less
The selfsame light, although averted hence,
When by your laws, your actions, and your speech,
You contradict the very things I teach?"

With this he closed ; and through the audience went
A murmur, like the rustle of dead leaves ;
The farmers laughed and nodded, and some bent
Their yellow heads together like their sheaves ;
Men have no faith in fine-spun sentiment
Who put their trust in bullocks and in beeves.
The birds were doomed ; and, as the record shows,
A bounty offered for the heads of crows.

There was another audience out of reach,
Who had no voice nor vote in making laws,
But in the papers read his little speech,
And crowned his modest temples with applause ;
They made him conscious, each one more than each,
He still was victor, vanquished in their cause.
Sweetest of all the applause he won from thee,
O fair Almira at the Academy !

And so the dreadful massacre began ;
O'er fields and orchards, and o'er woodland crests,
The ceaseless fusillade of terror ran.
Dead fell the birds, with blood-stains on their breasts,
Or wounded crept away from sight of man,
While the young died of famine in their nests ;
A slaughter to be told in groans, not words,
The very St. Bartholomew of Birds ! ¹

¹ The Massacre of St. Bartholomew was the name given to the sudden destruction of Huguenots in France, by order of the

The Summer came, and all the birds were dead ;
The days were like hot coals ; the very ground
Was burned to ashes ; in the orchards fed
Myriads of caterpillars, and around
The cultivated fields and garden beds
Hosts of devouring insects crawled, and found
No foe to check their march, till they had made
The land a desert without leaf or shade.

Devoured by worms, like Herod,¹ was the town,
Because, like Herod, it had ruthlessly
Slaughtered the Innocents. From the trees spun
down

The canker-worms upon the passers-by,
Upon each woman's bonnet, shawl, and gown,
Who shook them off with just a little cry ;
They were the terror of each favorite walk,
The endless theme of all the village talk.

The farmers grew impatient, but a few
Confessed their error, and would not complain,
For after all, the best thing one can do
When it is raining, is to let it rain.
Then they repealed the law, although they knew
It would not call the dead to life again ;
As school-boys, finding their mistake too late,
Draw a wet sponge across the accusing slate.

That year in Killingworth the Autumn came
Without the light of his majestic look,
ruling sovereign, Charles IX., at the instance of his mother Catherine, begun on St. Bartholomew's Day, i. e. between the 24th and 25th of August. The year was 1572.

¹ The Herod thus devoured was the grandson of the Herod who ordered the massacre of the Innocents.

The wonder of the falling tongues of flame,
The illumined pages of his Doom's-Day book.¹
A few lost leaves blushed crimson with their shame,
And drowned themselves despairing in the brook,
While the wild wind went moaning everywhere,
Lamenting the dead children of the air !

But the next Spring a stranger sight was seen,
A sight that never yet by bard was sung,
As great a wonder as it would have been
If some dumb animal had found a tongue !
A wagon, overarched with evergreen,
Upon whose boughs were wicker cages hung,
All full of singing birds, came down the street,
Filling the air with music wild and sweet.

From all the country round these birds were brought,
By order of the town, with anxious quest,
And, loosened from their wicker prisons, sought
In woods and fields the places they loved best,
Singing loud canticles, which many thought
Were satires to the authorities addressed,
While others, listening in green lanes, averred
Such lovely music never had been heard !

But blither still and louder carolled they
Upon the morrow, for they seemed to know
It was the fair Almira's wedding-day,
And everywhere, around, above, below,
When the Preceptor bore his bride away,
Their songs burst forth in joyous overflow,

¹ The original Doom's-Day or Domesday book was a registration of all the lands in the kingdom of England, ordered by William the Conqueror. The term is also applied to the judgment-book or book of the day of doom.

And a new heaven bent over a new earth
Amid the sunny farms of Killingworth.

1863.

THE HERONS OF ELMWOOD.

WARM and still is the summer night,
As here by the river's brink I wander ;
White overhead are the stars, and white
The glimmering lamps on the hillside yonder.

Silent are all the sounds of day ;
Nothing I hear but the chirp of crickets,
And the cry of the herons winging their way
O'er the poet's house in the Elmwood ¹ thickets.

Call to him, herons, as slowly you pass
To your roosts in the haunts of the exiled thrushes,
Sing him the song of the green morass,
And the tides that water the reeds and rushes.

Sing him the mystical Song of the Hern,
And the secret that baffles our utmost seeking ;
For only a sound of lament we discern,
And cannot interpret the words you are speaking.

Sing of the air, and the wild delight
Of wings that uplift and winds that uphold you,
The joy of freedom, the rapture of flight
Through the drift of the floating mists that enfold
you ;

Elmwood, a short distance from Longfellow's house, was
the home of his brother poet and friend, James Russell Lowell.

Of the landscape lying so far below,
With its towns and rivers and desert places;
And the splendor of light above, and the glow
Of the limitless, blue, ethereal spaces.

Ask him if songs of the Troubadours,
Or of Minnesingers in old black-letter,
Sound in his ears more sweet than yours,
And if yours are not sweeter and wilder and better.

Sing to him, say to him, here at his gate,
Where the boughs of the stately elms are meeting,
Some one hath lingered to meditate,
And send him unseen this friendly greeting;

That many another hath done the same,
Though not by a sound was the silence broken;
The surest pledge of a deathless name
Is the silent homage of thoughts unspoken.
1876.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

DEAD he lay among his books!
The peace of God was in his looks.

As the statues in the gloom
Watch o'er Maximilian's tomb,¹

So those volumes from their shelves
Watched him, silent as themselves.

¹ In the cathedral at Innsbruck.

Ah! his hand will nevermore
Turn their storied pages o'er;

Nevermore his lips repeat
Songs of theirs, however sweet.

Let the lifeless body rest!
He is gone, who was its guest;

Gone, as travellers haste to leave
An inn, nor tarry until eve.

Traveller! in what realms afar,
In what planet, in what star,

In what vast, aerial space,
Shines the light upon thy face?

In what gardens of delight
Rest thy weary feet to-night?

Poet! thou, whose latest verse
Was a garland on thy hearse;

Thou hast sung, with organ tone,
In Deukalion's ¹ life, thine own;

On the ruins of the Past
Blooms the perfect flower at last.

Friend! but yesterday the bells
Rang for thee their loud farewells;

¹ *Prince Deukalion* was the latest of Bayard Taylor's great poems.

And to-day they toll for thee,
Lying dead beyond the sea ;¹

Lying dead among thy books,
The peace of God in all thy looks !

1878.

TRAVELS BY THE FIRESIDE.²

THE ceaseless rain is falling fast,
And yonder gilded vane,
Immovable for three days past,
Points to the misty main.

It drives me in upon myself
And to the fireside gleams,
To pleasant books that crowd my shelf,
And still more pleasant dreams.

I read whatever bards have sung
Of lands beyond the sea,
And the bright days when I was young
Come thronging back to me.

In fancy I can hear again
The Alpine torrent's roar,
The mule-bells on the hills of Spain,
The sea at Elsinore.

¹ Taylor, the poet, the writer of travels and of stories, was made Minister of the United States in Germany, and died in Berlin, December 19, 1878.

² This poem was written as an introduction to a series of volumes edited by Mr. Longfellow, entitled *Poems of Places*.

I see the convent's gleaming wall
Rise from its groves of pine,
And towers of old cathedrals tall,
And castles by the Rhine.

I journey on by park and spire,
Beneath centennial trees,
Through fields with poppies all on fire,
And gleams of distant seas.

I fear no more the dust and heat,
No more I feel fatigue,
While journeying with another's feet
O'er many a lengthening league.

Let others traverse sea and land,
And toil through various climes,
I turn the world round with my hand
Reading these poets' rhymes.

From them I learn whatever lies
Beneath each changing zone,
And see, when looking with their eyes,
Better than with mine own.

A BALLAD OF THE FRENCH FLEET.¹

OCTOBER, 1746.

MR. THOMAS PRINCE *loquitur*.

A FLEET with flags arrayed
Sailed from the port of Brest,
And the Admiral's ship displayed
The signal : " Steer southwest."
For this Admiral D'Anville
Had sworn by cross and crown
To ravage with fire and steel
Our helpless Boston Town.

There were rumors in the street,
In the houses there was fear
Of the coming of the fleet,
And the danger hovering near.
And while from mouth to mouth
Spread the tidings of dismay,
I stood in the Old South,
Saying humbly : " Let us pray !

" O Lord ! we would not advise ;
But if in thy Providence
A tempest should arise
To drive the French fleet hence,

¹ The capture of Louisburg, a stronghold of the French in Cape Breton, in 1745, by a combined land and sea force, organized by Governor Shirley of Massachusetts, greatly incensed the French, and in 1746 they sent over a fleet under command of the Admiral D'Anville, with the special purpose of wreaking vengeance on Boston. The fleet met with a series of disasters, and nothing came of the attempt. The Reverend Thomas Prince was minister of the Old South in Boston.

And scatter it far and wide,
Or sink it in the sea,
We should be satisfied,
And thine the glory be."

This was the prayer I made,
For my soul was all on flame,
And even as I prayed
The answering tempest came ;
It came with a mighty power,
Shaking the windows and walls,
And tolling the bell in the tower,
As it tolls at funerals.

The lightning suddenly
Unsheathed its flaming sword,
And I cried : " Stand still, and see
The salvation of the Lord ! "
The heavens were black with cloud,
The sea was white with hail,
And ever more fierce and loud
Blew the October gale.

The fleet it overtook,
And the broad sails in the van
Like the tents of Cushan shook,
Or the curtains of Midian.
Down on the reeling decks
Crashed the o'erwhelming seas ;
Ah, never were there wrecks
So pitiful as these !

Like a potter's vessel broke
The great ships of the line ;

They were carried away as a smoke,
Or sank like lead in the brine.
O Lord ! before thy path
They vanished and ceased to be,
When thou didst walk in wrath
With thine horses through the sea !

KING CHRISTIAN.¹

A NATIONAL SONG OF DENMARK.

KING CHRISTIAN stood by the lofty mast
In mist and smoke ;
His sword was hammering so fast,
Through Gothic helm and brain it passed ;
Then sank each hostile hulk and mast,
In mist and smoke.
“ Fly ! ” shouted they, “ fly, he who can !
Who braves of Denmark’s Christian
The stroke ? ”

Nils Juel² gave heed to the tempest’s roar,
Now is the hour !
He hoisted his blood-red flag once more,
And smote upon the foe full sore,
And shouted loud, through the tempest’s roar,
“ Now is the hour ! ”
“ Fly ! ” shouted they, “ for shelter fly !
Of Denmark’s Juel who can defy
The power ? ”

¹ Written during a visit to Copenhagen in September, 1835.
The poet first heard the air from some strolling musician in a
coffee-house, and, looking up the words, translated them.

² A celebrated Danish admiral.

North Sea ! a glimpse of Wessel ¹ rent
 Thy murky sky !
 Then champions to thine arms were sent ;
 Terror and Death glared where he went ;
 From the waves was heard a wail, that rent
 Thy murky sky !
 From Denmark thunders Tordenskiol',
 Let each to Heaven commend his soul,
 And fly !

Path of the Dane to fame and might !
 Dark-rolling wave !
 Receive thy friend, who, scorning flight,
 Goes to meet danger with despite,
 Proudly as thou the tempest's might,
 Dark-rolling wave !
 And amid pleasures and alarms,
 And war and victory, be thine arms
 My grave !

A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

THIS is the place. Stand still, my steed,
 Let me review the scene,
 And summon from the shadowy Past
 The forms that once have been.

The Past and Present here unite
 Beneath Time's flowing tide,
 Like footprints hidden by a brook,
 But seen on either side.

¹ Peder Wessel was a vice-admiral, who, for his great prowess, received the title of Tordenskiold (pronounced Tordenshöld) or Thundershield.

Here runs the highway to the town ;
There the green lane descends,
Through which I walked to church with thee,
O gentlest of my friends !¹

The shadow of the linden-trees
Lay moving on the grass ;
Between them and the moving boughs,
A shadow, thou didst pass.

Thy dress was like the lilies,
And thy heart as pure as they :
One of God's holy messengers
Did walk with me that day.

I saw the branches of the trees
Bend down thy touch to meet,
The clover-blossoms in the grass
Rise up to kiss thy feet.

“ Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born ! ”
Solemnly sang the village choir
On that sweet Sabbath morn.

Through the closed blinds the golden sun
Poured in a dusty beam,
Like the celestial ladder seen
By Jacob in his dream.

¹ The scene of this poem is mentioned in the poet's diary under date of August 31, 1846. “ In the afternoon a delicious drive with F. and C. through Brookline, by the church and ‘ the green lane,’ and homeward through a lovelier lane, with barberries and wild vines clustering over the old stone walls.”

And ever and anon, the wind
Sweet-scented with the hay,
Turned o'er the hymn-book's fluttering leaves
That on the window lay.

Long was the good man's sermon,
Yet it seemed not so to me ;
For he spake of Ruth the beautiful,
And still I thought of thee.

Long was the prayer he uttered,
Yet it seemed not so to me ;
For in my heart I prayed with him,
And still I thought of thee.

But now, alas ! the place seems changed ;
Thou art no longer here :
Part of the sunshine of the scene
With thee did disappear.

Though thoughts, deep-rooted in my heart,
Like pine-trees dark and high,
Subdue the light of noon, and breathe
A low and ceaseless sigh ;

This memory brightens o'er the past,
As when the sun, concealed
Behind some cloud that near us hangs,
Shines on a distant field.

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.¹

THIS is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms ;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah ! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
When the death-angel touches those swift keys !
What loud lament and dismal Miserere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies !

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,
And loud, amid the universal clamor,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

¹ On his wedding journey in the summer of 1843, Mr. Longfellow passed through Springfield, Massachusetts, and visited the United States arsenal there, in company with Mr. Charles Sumner. "While Mr. Sumner was endeavoring," says Mr. S. Longfellow, "to impress upon the attendant that the money expended upon these weapons of war would have been much better spent upon a great library, Mrs. Longfellow pleased her husband by remarking how like an organ looked the ranged and shining gun-barrels which covered the walls from floor to ceiling, and suggesting what mournful music Death would bring from them. 'We grew quite warlike against war,' she wrote, 'and I urged H. to write a peace poem.'" The poem was written some months later. The association with Sumner is especially interesting as that statesman was conspicuous in his advocacy of peace principles.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin ;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village ;
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns ;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage ;
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns ;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade ;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies ?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts :

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred !
And every nation, that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain !

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease ;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, " Peace ! "

Peace ! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies !
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

THE LADDER OF SAINT AUGUSTINE.

SAINT AUGUSTINE ! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame !¹

All common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire, the base design,
That makes another's virtues less ;
The revel of the ruddy wine,
And all occasions of excess ;

The longing for ignoble things ;
The strife for triumph more than truth ;
The hardening of the heart, that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth ;

All thoughts of ill ; all evil deeds,
That have their root in thoughts of ill ;

¹ Notice what Tennyson says at the beginning of *In Memoriam* :

" I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will ; —

All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright fields of fair renown
The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar ;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen, and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains, that uprear
Their solid bastions to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways, that appear
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern — unseen before —
A path to higher destinies,

Nor deem the irrevocable Past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,

If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain.

HAWTHORNE.

May 23, 1864.¹

How beautiful it was, that one bright day
In the long week of rain !
Though all its splendor could not chase away
The omnipresent pain.

The lovely town was white with apple-blooms,
And the great elms o'erhead
Dark shadows wove on their aerial looms
Shot through with golden thread.

Across the meadows, by the gray old manse,
The historic river flowed :
I was as one who wanders in a trance,
Unconscious of his road.

The faces of familiar friends seemed strange ;
Their voices I could hear,
And yet the words they uttered seemed to change
Their meaning to my ear.

¹The date is that of the burial of Hawthorne. The poem was written just a month later. Mr. Longfellow wrote to Mr. Fields : " I have only tried to describe the state of mind I was in on that day. Did you not feel so likewise ? " In sending a copy of the lines at the same time to Mrs. Hawthorne, he wrote : " I feel how imperfect and inadequate they are ; but I trust you will pardon their deficiencies for the love I bear his memory."

88 *THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.*

For the one face I looked for was not there,
The one low voice was mute ;
Only an unseen presence filled the air,
And baffled my pursuit.

Now I look back, and meadow, manse, and stream
Dimly my thought defines ;
I only see — a dream within a dream —
The hill-top hearsed with pines.

I only hear above his place of rest
Their tender undertone,
The infinite longings of a troubled breast,
The voice so like his own.

There in seclusion and remote from men
The wizard hand lies cold,
Which at its topmost speed let fall the pen,
And left the tale half told.

Ah ! who shall lift that wand of magic power,
And the lost clew regain ?
The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower
Unfinished must remain !

THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

A MIST was driving down the British Channel,
The day was just begun,
And through the window-panes, on floor and panel,
Streamed the red autumn sun.

It glanced on flowing flag and rippling pennon,
And the white sails of ships ;
And, from the frowning rampart, the black cannon
Hailed it with feverish lips.

Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hithe, and Dover
Were all alert that day,
To see the French war-steamers speeding over,
When the fog cleared away.

Sullen and silent, and like couchant lions,
Their cannon, through the night,
Holding their breath, had watched, in grim defiance,
The sea-coast opposite.

And now they roared at drum-beat from their stations
On every citadel ;
Each answering each, with morning salutations,
That all was well.

And down the coast, all taking up the burden,
Replied the distant forts,
As if to summon from his sleep the Warden¹
And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

Him shall no sunshine from the fields of azure,
No drum-beat from the wall,
No morning gun from the black fort's embrasure,
Awaken with its call !

No more, surveying with an eye impartial
The long line of the coast,

¹ The Warden was the Duke of Wellington who died September 13, 1852. The five ports are named in the ninth line.

Shall the gaunt figure of the old Field Marshal
Be seen upon his post !

For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,
In sombre harness mailed,
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the Destroyer,
The rampart wall had scaled.

He passed into the chamber of the sleeper,
The dark and silent room,
And as he entered, darker grew, and deeper,
The silence and the gloom.

He did not pause to parley or dissemble,
But smote the Warden hoar ;
Ah ! what a blow ! that made all England tremble
And groan from shore to shore.

Meanwhile, without, the surly cannon waited,
The sun rose bright o'erhead ;
Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated
That a great man was dead.

THE LEGEND OF THE CROSSBILL.¹

ON the cross the dying Saviour
Heavenward lifts his eyelids calm,
Feels, but scarcely feels, a trembling
In his pierced and bleeding palm.

And by all the world forsaken,
Sees He how with zealous care

¹ Translated from the German of Julius Moser.

At the ruthless nail of iron
A little bird is striving there.

Stained with blood and never tiring,
With its beak it doth not cease,
From the cross 't would free the Saviour,
Its Creator's Son release.

And the Saviour speaks in mildness:
"Blest be thou of all the good!
Bear, as token of this moment,
Marks of blood and holy rood!"

And that bird is called the crossbill;
Covered all with blood so clear,
In the groves of pine it singeth
Songs, like legends, strange to hear.

AFTERMATH.¹

WHEN the summer fields are mown,
When the birds are fledged and flown,
And the dry leaves strew the path;
With the falling of the snow,
With the cawing of the crow,
Once again the fields we mow
And gather in the aftermath.

Not the sweet, new grass with flowers
Is this harvesting of ours;
Not the upland clover bloom;

¹ This poem was published just after the poet had completed his *Tales of a Wayside Inn* on his sixty-sixth birthday.

But the rowen mixed with weeds,
Tangled tufts from marsh and meads,
Where the poppy drops its seeds
In the silence and the gloom.

